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Religio Medici.





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1642

# Religio Medici

BY

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

*Physician*

BEING

A Facsimile of the First Edition

PUBLISHED IN 1642

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

W. A. GREENHILL, M.D., Oxon.

London

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## PREFACE.

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IN the case of every standard work (and it is generally acknowledged that the *Religio Medici* has taken its place among the English Classics), there is a certain antiquarian and bibliographical interest connected with the *first edition*. Many persons like to see the actual type and paper and binding in which it was first given to the world; and many take a pleasure in tracing the alterations (not always *improvements*;) made by the Author in successive editions. But there is a special interest attaching to the *Religio Medici* occasioned by the peculiar circumstances under which the little book was published. It was written by Sir Thomas Browne, about the year 1635, solely for his

own amusement and edification, and without any idea of its ever being seen by any eyes except his own and those few friends to whom he might choose to show it. There were several MS. copies of the work, one of which found its way into the hands of a bookseller, who printed and published it in 1642, without the consent or knowledge of the Author. This in a manner compelled Sir Thomas Browne to publish in the following year 'A true and full copping of that which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously printed before under the name of *Religio Medici*,'\* in which there were numerous omissions, additions and alterations. This authorized edition, as being that which the Author himself prepared for the public view, has of course been the one that has been re-

\* These words would almost justify the conjecture that the title, *Religio Medici*, was retained by Sir Thomas Browne in the authorized edition simply because it was that by which it had already become known to the public.

printed nearly thirty times; but as, since Wilkin's time (1835), the principal variations in the older edition have excited attention, chiefly on account of the personal traits of character displayed in it, this is now for the first time republished.

It should, however, be stated that there are in fact *two* unauthorized editions, both issued by the same publisher in the same year; and these are so much alike, that, unless they are examined together, they might easily be taken for one and the same book.

The points of difference between them are the following:—1. the form of some of the capital letters is occasionally different; 2. A (so-called) has pp. 190—B, 159; 3. A has 25 lines in a page—B, 26; and the lines in A are shorter than those in B.

It is not quite certain which of these editions was printed first, but, while there do not appear to be any reasons for believing B to have the priority, the follow-

ing may be mentioned in favour of A :—

1. where there is a variation in the text, the reading of B is *generally* preferable; and
2. the first authorized edition (C), which might perhaps be expected to be modelled by the printer on the *second* edition rather than the *first*, does in fact agree with B, rather than A, in the number of lines in a page (*viz.* 26), and in the form of the capital letters, when A and B differ. Of course these reasons are not sufficient to prove the point; but upon the whole, in the absence of any on the other side, we may be quite inclined to agree with Wilkin in thinking that A was the earlier edition of the two :—and it is this, accordingly, which is reprinted in the following *fac-simile*.

In giving to the world a *fac-simile*, all the typographical errors of the original copy are of course faithfully reproduced; and where these are perfectly plain, so as to occasion no inconvenience to the reader,

there is no occasion to notice them. Sometimes, however, the meaning of the false reading is by no means clear, and in such cases it seems only due to the reader to tell him what the Author really intended to say. Accordingly, the most important variations between the genuine and the spurious editions are given below; and in two or three cases, which seem to bear upon Sir Thomas Browne's personal character, the significance of the alterations is pointed out.

Page 3, line 13. 'Avarice of Presbyters' is changed in the authorized edition (*which may, for the sake of brevity, be designated C.*) into 'avarice of Prelates' (sect. 2).

Page 4, line 5, 'desperate Resolvers' is changed in C. (sect. 3) into 'desperate Resolutions,' a singular use of the abstract for the concrete, which is very common with Sir T. B.

Page 6, line 8 from bottom, for 'an occasion,' read 'an oration,' *i.e.*, a prayer, which

is altered in C. (sect. 3) to 'an elevation,' *i.e.*, of the thoughts to Heaven.

Page 9, lines 1-3. The words 'no man . . . more' are omitted in C. (sect. 5).

Page 9, line penult. 'Confuted not,' changed in C. (sect. 5) into 'refused not.'

Page 11, line 7 from bottom, for 'to agree,' read 'to argue.'

Page 13, line 8, 'I shall injure truth.' These words are changed in C. (sect. 6) into 'I hope I shall not injure truth.' 'This alteration of the reading is interesting, as showing that about 1635, when Browne was thirty years old, and wrote the *Religio Medici*, he could not, without injury to truth, say that he had no taint or tincture of heresies, schisms, or errors; but that, eight years later, when the first authorized edition was published, his opinions had so far changed, that he hoped he should not injure truth in saying that he had no longer any such taint or tincture in him.' (Note in edition 1881.)



Page 15, line 12. Instead of the 'Chilist,' C. (sect. 7) has 'Origen.'

Page 22, line 4 from bottom. After 'Horoscope,' C. (sect. 11) adds, 'with the world.'

Page 23, line 4, for 'Apostles,' read 'Angels.'

Page 23, line 12, for 'what others,' read 'all others,' with a comma after 'is.'

Page 23, line 14, for 'senses,' read 'tenses.'

Page 25, line 6, for 'pretty,' read 'petty.'

Page 25, line 15, for 'in a narrow sense,' C. (sect. 12) has 'in too large a sense.'

Page 26, line antep., for 'diviner,' read 'dimmer.'

Page 27, line 4, for 'servators,' read 'senators.'

Page 27, line ult., for 'to propound,' C. (sect. 13) has 'to profound.'

Page 28, line 9, for 'before at the first,' C. (sect. 13) has 'before the sixth day.'

Page 33, line 13, for 'swarve by,' read 'swerve but by,'—a mistake which remained uncorrected in many editions.

Page 34, line 6, for 'aforesaid,' read 'forelaid.'

Page 35, line 4 from bottom, after 'forme,' add 'nor was it yet impregnate.'

Page 37, line 7 from bottom, insert 'Fougade.'

Page 39, line antep., for 'nature,' read 'fortune.'

Page 43, line 8, for 'Asorites,' read 'a Sorites.'

Page 51, line 3. 'Very difficult' is altered in C. (sect. 22) into 'very feasible.'

Page 53, line 8 from botton. The sentence from 'As to prove,' as far as 'England,' (page 54, line 1,) is omitted in C. (sect. 22).

Page 55, line 2, 'that thought the Alcaran,' &c.] Some words are omitted here, whereby the sense is completely destroyed, so that Sir Kenelm Digby might well say, in his *Observations on Religio Medici*

(vol. ii., p. 463, in Bohn's edition of Browne's Works), 'I doubt he mistakes in his chronology, or the printer in the name, when he maketh Ptolemy condemn the Alcoran.' The correct reading is, 'Ptolomy, that thought not his library compleate without it [*i.e.*, the Book of the Holy Scriptures]: the Alcaran,' etc.

Page 60, line 5 from bottom, for 'and audacity,' read 'as audacity.'

Page 62, line 6, for 'it is false divinity if I say,' C. (sect. 26) has 'he must needs offend the divinity of both that says.'

Page 65, line 7 from bottom. 'Cannot' is no doubt a mistake for 'can.' The words 'but sinne' are omitted in C. (sect. 27), without any very obvious reason.

Page 67, line penult., for 'time,' read 'time present.'

Page 68, line 7. After 'but,' C. (sect. 29) inserts the words, 'as some will have it.'

Page 69, line 13, for 'transplant,' read 'transpeciate.'

Page 70, line 11, for 'deemed,' read 'denied.'

Page 71, line 3, for 'actively,' read 'aptly.'

Page 71, line 5 from bottom, for 'Accendens,' read 'Ascendens.'

Page 71, line 4 from bottom, for 'quærentiquus animalia,' read 'quærentibus magnalia.'

Page 75, line 11, for 'heavenly place,' C. (sect. 32) has 'humble place.'

Page 77, line 14, for 'two plant-animals,' C. (sect. 33) has 'plants and animals.'

Page 79, line 4, for 'naturall self,' C. (sect. 33) has 'numerical self.'

Page 80, line 9 from bottom, for 'while wee stile,' read 'wee stile it;' and insert ''tis' after 'alone,' two lines below.

Page 80, line penult., read 'Creator.'

Page 82, line 9 from bottom, for 'last chapter,' read 'first chapter.'

Page 86, line 6, for 'assertions,' read 'affections.'

Page 87, line 8, for 'any other,' read 'any author.'

Page 87, line antep., for 'reasonably,' C. (sect. 36) has 'peremptorily;' and in the next line inserts 'and in all acceptions' after 'wholly.'

Page 88, line 9, for 'the nearer *ubi*,' C. (sect. 36) has 'the hand.'

Page 89, line 11, for 'may fall,' read 'must fall.'

Page 91, line 7 from bottom, for 'holds,' C. (sect. 37) has 'beholds.'

Page 93, line 2, for 'but with,' C. (sect. 38) has 'without.'

Page 93, line 5 from bottom, for 'desire death,' C. (sect. 38) has 'defie death,' which does not seem to be an improvement.

Page 95, line 11, before 'the manifestation' insert 'though for.'

Page 95, line 6 from bottom, for 'in use,' read 'in us.'

Page 96, line 9. After 'sleepe,' C. (sect. 39) adds the qualifying words 'a while.'

Page 99, line 3, for 'nearest way,' read 'neatest way.'

Page 99, line 8 from bottom, for 'the same,' read 'the sun.'

Page 99, line 5 from bottom, for 'participate,' read 'anticipate.'

Page 100, line 10, for 'by them,' read 'unto them.'

Page 101, lines 14-penult. The words from 'the course' to 'death' are omitted in C. (sect. 42), and a much longer paragraph is substituted.

Page 102, line 8, for 'it makes,' read 'to make's,' viz. 'to make us.'

Page 105, line penult., for 'can informe me,' read 'cannot informe me.'

Page 105, line ult., and page 106, line 4, for 'I' and 'me,' C. (sect. 45) has 'some' and 'them;' another instance of the writer's cautious modifications.

Page 108, line 12, for 'no man,' C. (sect. 46), has 'hardly any man.'

Page 106, line 10, for 'any judiciall pro-

ceeding,' C. (sect. 45) has 'any such judicial proceeding.'

Page 107, line 12 from bottom, for 'philosophy,' read 'prophecies.'

Page 108, line 8. Between 'Antichrist' and 'the Philosopher's stone' several lines are inserted in C. (sect. 46).

Page 112, line 8 from bottom, to page 113, line 5. The passage from 'What is made' to 'immortall' is omitted in C (sect. 48).

Page 113, line 7, read 'revivification.'

Page 113, line 17, for 'those secret,' read 'their secret.'

Page 114, line 2, for 'combustible,' read 'incombustible.'

Page 114, line 4. 'This I make good by experience, and can' is altered in C. (sect. 48) into 'This is made good by experience, which can.'

Page 116, line 3, for 'the sense,' read 'the soul.'

Page 116, line 12 from bottom, for 'and shall,' read 'all shall.'

Page 117, line 5 from bottom, for 'to have,' read 'to hand.'

Page 120, line 10, for 'factiously,' read 'facetiously.' The words 'yea, and urge Scripture for it,' are omitted in C. (sect. 50).

Page 121, line 1, for 'syen' (*i.e., scion*), C. (sect. 50) has 'seed.'

Page 122, line antep., for 'to detain,' read 'to deter.'

Page 124, line 8. Insert 'better' before 'to the worst;' and for 'that,' in line 9, read 'than.'

Page 124, line 14, omit 'say.'

Page 126, line ult., for 'principle,' read 'simile.'

Page 129, line 5, read 'lye at a close ward.'

Page 129, line 6, read 'lye not open.'

Page 131, line 2. 'Cannot divine,' softened in C. (sect. 57) to 'can hardly divine.'

Page 133, line 7. Instead of 'how much,' C. (sect. 59) has 'how little.'

Page 133, line 10 from bottom After



'is true,' C. (sect. 59) adds the qualifying words, 'in some sense.'

Page 136, line 5 from bottom, for 'Flemish,' C. (sect. 1) has 'French.'

Page 137, line 2, read 'seem for to be framed.'

Page 137, line 5, for 'all ages,' read 'all airs.'

Page 137, line 15, altered in C. (sect. 2) thus: 'hate any essence but the devil, or so at least abhor any thing.'

Page 137, line 20, for 'great inquiry,' read 'great enemy.'

Page 139, line 4, for 'and filed,' read another filed.'

Page 141, line 4 from bottom, for 'can' read 'cannot' — a mistake which passed through many editions uncorrected.

Page 141, line antep., read 'I hold.'

Page 141, line penult., read 'phytognomy.'

Page 142, line 7 from bottom, read 'à la volée.'

Page 143, line 3, for 'made mention,' read 'made no mention.'

Page 143, line 5, for 'never,' read 'neerer.'

Page 144, line 1, for 'carefully,' C. (sect. 2) has 'carelessly.'

Page 148, line 1, for 'not one contro- versie,' C. (sect. 3) has 'not many contro- versies.'

Page 150, lines 6, 8, read 'bravache,' 'larron.'

Page 151, line 10, for 'in life,' read 'the life.'

Page 151, line antepenult., for 'Noble natures . . . . are not railed into vice,' C. (sect. 4) has 'Noble natures . . . . are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue.'

Page 152, line 14, for 'divided,' read 'derived.'

Page 153, line 7, for 'magnifie,' C. (sect. 4) has 'manifest.'

Page 154, line 5. 'There is no man'] C. (sect. 5) inserts the words, 'I think.'

Page 156, line 2. 'Which I could not'] C. (sect. 5) inserts the words, 'methinks upon some grounds.'

Page 158, line 6 from bottom. 'He cannot love . . . . that will,' is altered in C. (sect. 6) into, 'He that can love . . . . will.'

Page 159, line 9 from bottom, for 'departed spirit,' read 'departing spirit.' The '*passing* bell' in this sentence must not be confounded with the *funeral* bell mentioned above, page 16, line 11.

Page 159, line 4 from bottom, for 'a zealous oration,' C. (sect. 6) has 'supplication.' (See above, page 6, line 8 from bottom.)

Page 160, line 15, read 'former years.'

Page 160, line 6 from bottom, for 'securer,' C. (sect. 7) has 'severer.'

Page 161, line 12, for 'which carry,' read 'we carry.'

Page 161, line 6 from bottom, for 'passion against passion,' read 'passion against reason.'

Page 162, line 1, for 'too soft,' read 'so soft.'

Page 162, line 3 from bottom. After 'otherwise,' add 'of myself.'

Page 162, line ult., to page 163, line 3. The words, 'that I . . . my selfe,' are omitted in C. (sect. 7).

Page 164, line 2, for 'not of man,' C. (sect. 8) has 'not only of man;' and in line 5, 'not circumscribed,' instead of 'circumscribed.'

Page 164, line 9 from bottom, read 'Jargon and Patois.'

Page 166, line 14, for 'will teach,' read 'will unteach.'

Page 167, line antep., for 'gaines,' read 'gratis,' and omit the comma after 'gives.'

Page 168, line 4. C. (sect. 9) inserts 'some times and' after 'considering.'

Page 168, line 11. 'Could wish,' is in C. (sect. 9) softened into 'could be content.'

Page 168, line 8 from bottom, for 'cold imagination,' read 'cool'd imagination.'

Page 169, line 4, for 'since,' read 'sure.'

Page 169, line 5 from bottom, C. (sect. 9) omits 'Catholike.'

Page 170, line 13. The sentence 'It unities,' etc., is omitted in the authorized edition, but it has been thought by some editors worthy of being re-introduced into the text.

Page 171, line 3, read 'declaiming.'

Page 172, line antep., for 'fourth figure' [in logic], C. (sect. 9) has 'opinions of his Predecessours.'

Page 173, line 7 from bottom, for 'without all men,' read 'with all men.'

Page 175, line 2, for 'and the contagion,' read 'not the contagion.'

Page 176, line 9, for 'the natures,' read 'their natures.'

Page 177, line 11, for 'I am the happiest man alive,' C. (sect. 11) has 'I am as happy as any,' and omits the following lines as

far as 'hit me,' without any very obvious reason.

Page 178, lines 5-9. 'With this . . . behold him.' This passage is also omitted in C.

Page 179, line 12, for 'earthly sign,' C. has 'watery sign.'

Page 180, line penult., for 'I observe that men oftentimes,' C. has 'it is observed that men sometimes.'

Page 181, line 6. 'We tearme death a sleepe,' altered in C. (sect. 12), 'We term sleep a death;' and so in the following hymn (page 182, line 15), 'Sleepe is a death.'

Page 181, line 10 from bottom. The words, 'It is a fit time . . . oration,' are omitted in C.

Page 184, line 13, for 'prepared sublime,' C. (sect. 13) has 'prepared substance.'

Page 185, lines 5-7. 'I can . . . Cathedrals,' altered in C. (sect. 13) to 'Surely poor men may also build Hospitals, and

the rich alone have not erected Cathedrals.'

Page 185, lines 14, 15. 'When I am . . . . to the poore,' omitted in C.

Page 186, line 4 from bottom, for 'allay,' read 'alloy.'

Page 188, line 6, for 'the lives,' read 'the loves.'

Page 189, line 7. Before 'in that repeated,' etc., C. (sect. 15) inserts the words, 'nor any Crambe,' in the sense of a tiresome repetition.

Page 190, line 3. 'The love of my dearest Friends' is expanded in C. into 'the love of Thyself and my dearest friends.' The improvement may perhaps have been suggested by Sir Kenelm Digby's *Observations*, in which he says (page 485, in Bohn's edition), 'This love must be employed upon the Noblest and Highest Object, not terminated in our friends.'

Page 190, line 6. In C. the following words are inserted: 'These are, O Lord,

the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth.'

Page 190, line 8, for 'Thy providence,' C. has, 'Thy Hand or Providence;' 'wisdom' is substituted for 'justice,' and 'mine owne damnation' is softened into 'my own undoing.'

It will appear from the above collection of various readings that the alterations made by the Author in the authorized edition consisted chiefly in the correction of positive blunders, made (as we know from an examination of the existing MSS.) quite as often by the copyist as by the printer. But he also took the opportunity of modifying various positive and strongly worded propositions by the substitution of less dogmatic expressions, and the insertion of the qualifying words, *I think, as some will have it, in some sense, upon some grounds,* and the like. Upon the whole he had



good reason to complain bitterly that the book was published, not only without his knowledge and consent, but also in a 'depraved' and 'imperfect' form.

W. A. G.

HASTINGS,

*Nov.*, 1883.



## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE *RELIGIO MEDICI.*

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                  a larger  
                  size).     *British Museum.*
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Printed for Andrew Crooke. 1642. Will. Marshall fecit.







# RELIGIO MEDICI.

**F**Or my Religion, though there be severall circumstances that might perswade the world, that I have none at all, as the generall scandall of my profession, the naturall course of my studies, the indifferency of my behaviour, and discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour of contention opposing another; yet in despite hereof I dare, without usurpation,

A

pation, assume the honourable stile of a Christian: not that I meerly owe this stile to the Font, my education, or the Clime wherein I was borne, as being bred up either to confirme those principles my Parents instilled into my unweary understanding; or by a generall consent proceed in the Religion of my Countrey: But having, in my riper yeares, and confirmed judgement, seene and examined all, I finde my selfe obliged by the principles of Grace, and the law of my owne reason, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeale so farre make me forget the generall charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pittie Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jewes, rather contenting my selfe to enjoy that happy stile, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title. But because the name of a Christian is become too generall to expresse our faith, there being a Geography

graphy of Religions as well as of Land, and every Clime distinguished not only by their lawes and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of Faith : To be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name, of the same believe that our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorized, and the Martyrs confirmed ; but by the sinister ends of Princes, the ambition and avarice of Presbyters, and the fatall corruption of times so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the carefull and charitable hand of the times to restore it to its primitive integrity : now the accidentall occasions whereon the slender meanes whereby the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very

same objection the insolent Pagans first cast against Christ and his Disciples.

Yet have I not shaken hands with those desperate Resolvers, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottome, than bring her in to be new trimd in the dock ; who had rather promiscuously retaine all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have beene, as to stand in diameter and swords point with them : we have reformed from them, not against them ; for omitting those impropertions and termes of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is betwixt us one common name and appellation, one faith, and necessary body of principles common to us both ; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their Churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them : I  
could

could never perceive any rationall consequence from those many texts which prohibite the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might prophane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if theirs prophane it, mine may hallow it; holy water and the Crucifix ( dangerous to the common people ) deceive not my judgement, nor abuse my devotion at all: I am, I confesse, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeale termes superstition, my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to

use the civility of my knee, hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions, which may expresse, or promote my invisible devotion; I should cut off my arme, rather than violare a Church window, than deface or demolish the memory of a Saint or Martyr; at the sight of a Crosse or Crucifix I can dispence with my hat, but not with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at the fruitlesse journeys of Pilgrims, or contemne the miserable condition of Friars; for though misplaced circumstances, there is something in it of devotion: I could never hear the *Ave Marie* Bell without an occasion, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for mee to erre in all, that is in silence and dumbe contempt; where therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering

ring mine owne ; at a solemne procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blinde with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an accessse of scorne and laughter : there are questionlesse both in Greek, Roman, and African Churches, solemnities, and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeales doe make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us ; not as evill in themselves, but as allurances and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that looke asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgements that cannot consist in the narrow point and centre of justice, without a reele or stagger to the circumference. As there are many Reformers, so likewise many Reformationes ; every Countrey proceeding in a particular way and Method, according as their naturall interest with their constitution and clime inclined them, some angerly and with extremity, others calmely, and with mediocrity,

diocrity, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of reconciliation, which the peaceable Spirits doe desire, and may conceive that revolution of time, and mercies of God may effect; yet that judgement that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extreames, their contrarieties in affection and opinion, may with the same hope expect an union in the poles of Heaven; but to difference my selfe neerer, and draw into the lesser circle: There is no Church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions, and customes seemes so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my believe, the Church of *England*, to whose faith I am a sworne subject, and therefore in a double obligation, subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavour to observe her constitutions:

no



no man shall reach my faith unto another Article, or command my obedience to a Canon more : whatsoever is beyond us, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor or fashion of my devotions, neither believing this, because *Luther* affirmed it, or disproving that, because *Calvin* hath disavouched it, I condemne not all things in the Councell of *Trent*, nor approve all in the Synod of *Dort* : In briefe, where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my Text, where that speakes, 'tis but my comment, where there is a joynt silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my Religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but the dictates of my owne reason. It is an unjust scandall of our adversaries, and grosse error in our selves, to compute the Nativity of our Religion from *Henry* the eight, who though he rejected the Pope, confuted not the faith of *Rome*, and effected no  
more

more than what his own Predecessors desired and assaid in ages past, and was conceived the State of *Venice* would have attempted in our daies.

It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and approbious scoffes of the Bishop of *Rome*, to whom as to a temporall Prince, we owe the duty of a good language: I confesse there is cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated, Heretick is the best language he affords me; yet can no eare witness I ever returned to him the name of Antichrist, man of sin, or whore of *Babylon*; It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usuall Satyres, and invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose eares are opener to Rhetoricke than Logicke, yet doe they in no wise confirme the faith of wiser beleivers, who knowes that a good cause needs not to be patronised

patronised by a passion, but can sustaine it selfe upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide my selfe from any upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgement for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few dayes I should discent my selfe: I have no Genius to disputes in Religion, and have oftenthought it wisdom to decline them, and especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weaknesse of my patronage: where we desire to be informed, it is good to contest with men above our selves; but to confirme and establish our opinions, tis best to agree with judgements below our owne, that the frequent spoiles and victories over their reasons may settle in our selves an esteeme, and confirme opinion of our owne. Every man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit to take  
up

up the Gantlet in the cause of Verity : Many from the ignorance of their Maximes, and an inconsiderate zeale to Truth, have too rashly charged the troubles of error, and remaine as Trophees to the enemies of Truth : A man may bee in as just possession of Truth as of a City, and yet be forced to surrender ; tis therefore farre better to enjoy with peace, than to hazzard her on a battell : If therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I doe forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgement, and more manly reason bee able to resolve them ; for I perceive every mans owne reason is his best *Oedipus*, and will upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds where-with subtilties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgements. In Philosophy where truth seemes double forced, there is no man more paradoxicall than my selfe; but in Divinity I keep the road,  
and

and though not in an implicate, yet in an humble faith, follow the great wheele of the Church, by which I move; not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicicle of my owne braine; by this meanes I leave no gap for Heresies, Schismes, or Errors, of which at present, I shall injure Truth to say I have no taint or tincture; I must confesse my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter Centuries, but old and absolute, such as could never have been revived but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed Heresies perish not with their Authors, but like the River *Aretusa*, though they loose their currents in one place, they rise up againe in another: one generall Councell is not able to extirpate one single Heresie, it may be canceled for the present, but revolution of time and the like aspects, from Heaven, will restore it when  
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it will flourish till it be condemned againe ; for as though there were a *Metempſucocis*, and the ſoule of one man paſſed into another ; opinions doe finde after-revolutions, men and mindes like thoſe that firſt begat them. To ſee our ſelves we need not look for *Platoes* yeares, every man is not only himſelfe ; there have been many *Diogenes*, and as many *Timons*, though but few of that name ; men are lived over againe, the world is now as it was in the age paſt, there was none then, but there have beene ſome ſince that parelels him, and is as it were his revived ſelfe. Now the firſt of mine was that of the Arabians, that the ſoules of men periſhed with theit bodies, but yet ſhould bee raiſed againe at the laſt day ; not that I did abſolutely conceive a mortality of the ſoule ; but if that were, which faith, nor Philoſophy can throughly diſprove, & that both entred the grave together, yet I hold the ſame conceit thereof

thereof that we all doe of the body, that it shall rise againe, surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleep in darknesse, untill the last alarum. A serious reflex upon my owne unworthinesse did make me backward from challenging this prerogative unto my soule, so I might enjoy my Saviour at the last: I would with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of the *Chiliaſt*, that God would not persist in his vengeance for ever, but after a definite time of his wrath he would release the damned soules from torture; which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of Gods mercy, and did a little cherish it in my selfe, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extreame of dispaire, whereunto melancholly and contemplative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is which I did never

never positively maintaine or practice, but have often wished it had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to my Religion, and that is the prayer for the dead, whereunto I was enclined by an excesse of charity; whereby I thought the number of the living too small an object of devotion; I could scarce containe my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his corpes without an oration for his soule: Twas a good way me thought to be remembered by Posterity and far mote noble than a History. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacy, or endeavour to inveagle any mans beliefe to mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest friends by which meanes I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in my selfe, but suffering them to flame upon their owne substances, without addition of new suell, they went out insensibly  
of



of themselves ; therefore those opinions, though condemned by lawfull Counsels, were not Heresies in mee, but bare Errors , and single Lapses of my understanding , without a joynt depravity of my will : Those have not only depraved understanding, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a Heresie , or be the author of an opinion, without they bee of a Sect also ; this was the villany of the first Schisme of *Lucifer*, who was not content to erre alone, but drew into his faction many Legions of Spirits ; and upon this experience he tempted only *Eve*, as well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one, were tacitely and upon consequence to delude them both. As for the wingy mysteries in Divinity , and ayery subtilties in Religion, which have unhinged the braines of better heads, they never stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine ;

me thinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains, have not only been illustrated, but maintained by sillogisme, and the rule of reason: I love to loose my selfe in a mystery to pursue my reason to my oh *altitudo*. Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved œnigma's and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan, and my rebellious reason, with that odde resolution I learned of *Tertullian*, *Certum est quia impossibile est*, I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point, for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion. Some beleeve the better for seeing Christ his Sepulchre, and when they have seene the Red Sea, doubt nor of the miracle. Now contrarily I blesse my selfe, and am thankfull that I lived not in the daies of miracles

rales, that I never saw Christ nor his Disciples; I would not have beene one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christs Patients, onwhom hee wrought his wonders; then had my faith beene thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. 'Tis an easie and necenary believe to credit what our eye and sense hath examined: I believe he was dead, and buried, and rose againe; and desire to see him in his glory, rather then to contemplate him in his Cœnotaphe, or Sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe, as we have reason, we owe this faith unto History: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, who upon obscure prophesies and mysticall Types could raise a believe; and expect apparant impossibilities. 'Tis true, there is an edge in all firme believe, and with an easie

Metaphor we may say the sword of faith; but in those obscurities I rather use it, in the adjunct the Apostle gives it, a Buckler; under which I perceive the wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know we knew nothing, 'my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith; I am now content to understand a mystery without a rigid definition in an easie and Platonick description. That allegoricall description of *Hermes* pleaseth me beyond all the metaphisicall definitions of Divines, where I cannot satisfie my reason, I love to hammer my fancy; I had as leive you tell me that *anima est angelus heminis, est Corpus Dei es Eutelechia, Lux est umbra Dei, as actus perspicui*: where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, tis good to set downe with a description a periphraſis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the  
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visible and obvious effect of nature; it becomes more humble and submissive to the subtilties of faith: and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoope unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree whose fruit our unhappy parents tasted, though in the same Chapter, when God forbids it, tis positively said, the plants of the field were not yet growne; for God had not caused it to raine upon the earth. I beleeve that the Serpent (if we shall literally understand it from his proper forme and figure) made his motion on his belly before the curse: I finde the triall of the Pusillage and Virginitie of women, which God ordained the Jewes, is very fallible; experience, and History informes mee, that not only many particular women, but likewise whole Nations have escaped the curse of childe-birth, which God seemes to pronounce upon the whole Sex; yet

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doe I beleve that all this is true ; indeed my reason would perswade mee it is false ; and this I think is no vulgar part of faith to believe a thing not only above , but contrary to reason , and against the arguments of our proper senses.

In my solitary and retired imagination , *Neque enim campoticus aut meleæulus accipit desum mihi* ; I remember I am not alone , and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes who is ever with me , especially those two mighty ones, his wisdom and eternity ; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding : who can speake of eternity without a solacisme, or think thereof without an extasie ? Time we may comprehend, tis but five daies elder then our selves, and hath the same Horoscope ; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forward , as to conceive an end  
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in an essence that we affirme hath neither the one nor the other ; its reason to Saint *Pauls* Sanctuary ; my Philosophy dares not say the Apostles can doe it ; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him, tis the priviledge of his owne nature, *I am that I am*, was his owne definition unto *Moses* ; and twas a short one, to confound morrality, that durst question God, or aske him what he was ; indeed he only is what others have and shall be, but in eternity no distinction of senses ; and therefore that terrible terme *Predest nation* which hath troubled so many weake heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it ; for to this eternity which is indivisible, the last Trumpe is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blef-

fed in *Abrahams* boſome.

Saint *Peter* ſpeakes modeſtly, when hee ſaith, a thouſand yeares to God are but as one day, for to ſpeak like a Philoſopher, thoſe continued inſtances of time which flow into a thouſand yeares, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come, to his Eternity is preſent, his whole duration being but one permanent point without ſucceſſions, parts, flux, or diſiſion; there is no Attribute that adds more difficulky to the myſtery of the Trinity, where tho in a relative way of Father and Son, we muſt deny a priority. I wonder how *Ariſtotele* could conceive the world eternall, or how hee could make good two Eternities: his ſimilitude of a Triangle, comprehended in a ſquare, doth ſomewhat illuſtrate the Trinity of our ſoules, and that the Triple Vnity of God; for there is in us not three, but a Trinity of ſoules, becauſe there is in us, if not three diſtinct ſoules,



soules, yet differing faculties that can, and doe subsist in different subjects ; and yet in us are so united as to make but one soule and substance ; if one soule were perfectly three distinct bodies, that were a pretty Trinity : conceive the distinct number of three, nor divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its Vnity, and that is a perfect Trinity. I have often admired the mysticall way of *Pythagoras*, and the secret Magicke of numbers ; beware of Philosophy, is a precept not to be received in a narrow sense ; for in this masse of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capitall letters, yet in steno-graphy, and short Characters, something to Divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as Lumenaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious believe, as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of Divinity. The severe Schooles  
shall

shall never laugh me out of the Philosophy of *Hermes*, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as a pourtract, things are not truly, but in equivocall shapes; and as they counterfeit some more reall substance in that invisible fabrick. That other attribute wherewith I recreate my devotion, is his wisdom, in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this onely, doe not repent me that I was bred in the way of study: The advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happinesse I conceive therein, is an ample recompence for all my endeavours, in what part of knowledge soever: I know he is wise in all, wonderfull in what we conceive, but farre more in what we comprehend not, for we behold him but asquint upon reflex or shadow; our understanding is diviner than *Moses* his eye, we are ignorant of the backparts, or lower side of his Divinity; therefore to pry  
into

into the maze of his Councils, is not only folly in Man, but presumption in Angels, like as they are his servants, not servators; hee holds no Councell, but that mysticall one of the Trinity, wherein though there be three persons, there is but one minde that decrees, without contradi&ion, nor needs he: any his actions are not begot with deliberation, his wisdom naturally flowes, what best; his intellect stands ready fraught with the superlative and purest idea's of goodnesse; consultations and election, which are two motions in us, are but one in him; his actions springing from his power, at the first touch of his will.

These are Contemplations Metaphisicall, my humble speculations have another Method, and are content to trace and discover those expressions he hath left in his creatures, and the obvious effects of nature, there is no danger to propound  
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those mysteries, no *Sanctum sanctorum* in Philosophy : The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man : tis the debt of our reason we owe to God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts ; without this the world is as though it had not been, or as it was before at the first when there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives no honour from the vulgar heads, that rudely stare about, and with a grosse rusticity, admire his works ; those oniy magnifie him whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, returne the duty of a learned and devout admiration. There is but one first, and foure second causes of all things ; some are without efficient, as God, others without matter, as Angels, some without forme, as the first matter, but every Essence, created or uncreated,

uncreated, hath its finall cause, and some positive end both of its Essence and operation; This is the cause I grope after in the works of nature, on this hangs the providence of God; to raise so beautious a structure, as the world and the creatures thereof, was but his Art, and their sundry divided operations with their predestinated ends, are from the treasury of his wisdom. In the causes, nature, and affection of the Eclipse of the Sun and Moone, there is most excellent speculation; but to propound farther, and to contemplate a reason why his providence hath so disposed and ordered their motions in that vaste circle, as to conjoyne and obscure each other, is a sweet piece of reason, and a diviner point of Philosophy; therefore there appears to me as much divinity in *Galen* his Book *De usu partium*, as in *Suarez* Metaphisicks: had *Aristotle* been as curious in the enquiry of this  
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cause as he was of the other, he had not 1 ft behinde him an imperfect piece of Philosophy, but an absolute tract of Divinity.

*Natura nihil agit frustra*, is the only and indisputable axiome in Philosophy, there is no *Grotesco* in nature, nor any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces in the most imperfect creatures, such as were not preserved in the Arke, but having their seeds and principles in the wombe of nature, are every-where where the power of the Sun is; in those is the wisdom of his hand discovered: Out of this ranke *Solomon* chose the object of his admiration, indeed what wisdom may not goe to schoole to the wisdom of Bees, Aunts, and Spiders? what wite hand teacheth them to doe what reason cannot teach us? while ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, as Elephants, Dromidaries, and  
Camels;

Camels ; these I confesse, are the Colossus and Majestick pieces of her hand ; but in these narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematicks, & the civility of these little Citizens, more nearly sets forth the wildome of their Maker ; who admires not *Regio Montanus* his Fly beyond his Eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two soules in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a Cedar. I could never content my contemplation with those generall pieces of wonders, the flux and reflux of the sea, the encrease of Nile, the conversion of the Needle to the North, and have studied to match and paralell those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of Nature, which without further travell I can doe in the Cosmography of my selfe ; we carry with us the wonders, we seeke without us : There is all *Africa*, and all her prodigies within us ; we are that bold and  
adventurous

adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely, learns in a *compendium*, what others labour at in a divided piece and endlesse volume. Thus there are two bookes from whence I collect my Divinity, besides that written one of God; another of his servant Nature, that universall and publique Manuscript, that lies exposed to the eyes of all those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens; the naturall motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than his supernaturall station did the Children of Israel; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles, surely the Heathens knew better how to joyne and read these mysticall letters, than wee Christians. who cast a more common eye on those Hieroglyphicks, and disdain to suck Divinity from the  
flower



flowers of nature, nor doe I forget God, as to adore the name of Nature, which I define not with the Schooles, the principles of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained to guide the actions of his creatures, according to their severall kinds: to make a revolution every day is the nature of the Sun, because that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swarve, by the faculty of the voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of Nature God seldome alters or perverts, but like an excellent Artist hath so contrived his work, that with the self same instrument, without a new creation he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweetnerh the water with a wood, preserveth the creatures in the Arke, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created: for God is like a skilfull Geometri-

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cian, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his Compasse, he might describe, or divide a right line, had yet rather doe this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and aforesaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude hee could not; and thus I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions also unto her, is to devolve the honour of God, the principall agent, upon the instrument; which if with reason we may doe, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writings. I hold there is a generall beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever;

foever : I cannot tell by what Logicke we call a Toad, a Beare, or an Elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best expresse the actions of their internall formes ; and having past that generall visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good ; that is conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty ; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein notwithstanding there is a kinde of beauty, Nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principall fabrick. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never yet any thing ugly, or mishapen, but the Chaos, wherein notwithstanding to speake strictly, there was no deformity, because no forme by the voice of God : Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature ; they being both the servants of his pro-

vidence: Art is the perfection of Nature. Were the world now as it was the sixt day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one world, and Art another. In briefe, all things are artificiall, for nature is the Art of God: This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an Oracle; To foreshew these is no Prophecie, but Prognostication. There is another way full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devill and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, & that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence, directing the operations of individualls and single Essences; this wee call Fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he drawes those actions that his wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way; this criptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired,

nor

nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my daies, the escapes of dangers, and hills of chance with a *Bezo los Manos*, to Fortune, or a bare gramercy to my starres: *Abraham* might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident; humane reason would have said that meere chance conveyed *Moses* into the Arke to the sight of *Pharaohs* daughter; what a Labyrinth is there in the story of *Ioseph*, able to convert a Stoick, surely there are in every mans life some rubs and wrinkles, which passe a while under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the meere hand of God: Twas not a meere chance to discover the or Powder Treason by a miscarriage of the letter. I like the victory of 88 the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our dishonour, and the partiality of Fortune, to wit, the tempests and con-

trarieties of winds. King *Philip* did not detract from the Nation, though he said, he sent his Armado to fight with men, and not to combate with the winde. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two severall agents, upon a maxime of reason we may promise the victory to the superiour; but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought of occurrences interveen, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The successe of that petty Province of Holland (of which the Grand Seignieur proudly said, That if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard. he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes and throw it into the Sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but to the mercy of God,  
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that hath disposed them to such a thriving *Genius* ; and to the will of his providence , that disposeth her favour to each countrey in their pre-ordinate season. All cannot be happy at once, because the glory of one State depends upon the ruine of another: there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatnesse , and must obey the swinge of that wheel, not moved by their intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all Estates rise to their Zenith and verticall points , according to their predestinated periods. For the lives not onely of men, but of Commonweals, and the whole world, run not upon an Helix that still enlargeth, but on a Circle, where arriving to their Meridian , they decline in obscurity , and fall under the Horizon again. These must not therefore be named the effects of nature, but in a relative way, as we terme the workes of nature. It was the ignorance of

mans reason that begat this very name, and by a carelesse terme miscalled the providence of God : for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and stragling way, nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universall or superiour cause. 'Tis not ridiculous devotion, to say a Prayer before a game at Tables ; for even in the *sortileges* and matters of the greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and preordered course of effects ; 'tis we that are blind, and not fortune : because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind and hoodwinkt ; that is the providence of Almighty God. I cannot justifie the contemptible Proverb, *That fools onely are fortunate ;* or that insolent Paradox, *That a wise man is out of the reach of fortune ;* much lesse those opprobrious Epithites of Poets, *whore, Baud, and Strumpet :* 'Tis I confesse the common fate of  
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men, and singular gift of mind, to be destitute of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who throughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more carelesse eye on the vulgar parts of felicity. 'Tis a most unjust ambition, to desire to engrosse the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of the mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune: and tis an error worse than heresie, to adore the complementall and circumstantiall piece of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essentiall points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires 'tis satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy the favours of fortune; let providence provide for fooles: 'tis not partiality, but equity in God, who deals with us but as our naturall parents; those that are able of body  
and

and mind, he leaves to their deserts ; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of the one with the excess of the other. Thus have we no just quarrell with Nature , for leaving us naked, or to envie the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures, being provided with reason , that can supply them all. We need not labour with so many arguments to confute judiciall Astrology ; for if there be a truth therein , it doth not injure Divinity ; if to be born under *Mercury* disposeth us to be witty, under *Jupiter* to be wealthy, I do not owe a knee unto these, but unto that mercifull hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain nativity unto such benevolous aspects. Those that hold that all things were governed by fortune had not erred, had they not persisted there : The Romans that erected a Temple to Fortune , acknowledged God therein, though

though in a blind way, somewhat of Divinity; for in a wise mans suppuration all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a neerer way to heaven then *Homers* chaine; an easie Logick may conjoyne heaven and earth in one argument, and with lesse than A sorites resolve all things into God. For though we Christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet it is God the true and infallible cause of all, whose course though it be generall, yet doth it subdivide it selfe into the particular actions of every thing, and is that spirit, by which each singular essence not onely subjects, but performs its operation. The bad construction and perverse comment on those paire of second causes, or visible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto Atheisme; who forgetting the honest advises of faith, have listened unto the conspiracie of Passion and Reason. I have there-

therefore alwayes endeavoured to compose those fewds and angry dissentions between affection, faith, and reason: For there is in our soule a kind of Triumvirate, or Triple government of three competitors, which distract the peace of this our Common-wealth, not lesse than did that other the State of Rome.

As Reason is a rebell unto Faith, so passion unto Reason: As the proportions of Faith seeme absurd to Reason, so the Theorems of Reason unto Passion, and both unto Reason; yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may be all Kings, and yet make but one Monarchy, every one exercising his Sovereignty and Prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There is, as in Philosophy so in Divinity, sturdy doubts, and boysterous objections, wherewith the unhappinesse of our  
knowledge

knowledge too neerly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than my selfe, which I confesse I conquered, not in a martiall posture, but on my knees: Neither had these ever such advantage of me, as to encline me to any desperate points or positions of Atheisme; for I have been these many years of opinion there was never any. Those that held Religion was the difference of man from beasts, have spoken probably, and proceed upon a proposition as inductive as the other: That doctrine of *Epicurus*, that denied the providence of God, was no Atheism, but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his Majesty, which he deemed too sublime to mind the triviall actions of those inferiour creatures: That fatall necessity of Stoickes, is nothing but the immutable Law of his will. Those that heretofore denied the Divinity of the holy Ghost, have been condemned but as Hereticks;

ticks; those that now deny our Saviour (though more than Hereticks) are not so much as Atheists: for though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, that there is but one God.

That villain and Secretary of Hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the three Impostors, though divided from all Religions, and was neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive Atheist. I confesse every Countrey hath its *Machiavell*, every age its *Lucian*, whereof common heads must not heare, nor more advanced judgments too rashly censure on: tis the Rhetorick of Satan, and may pervert a loose prejudicate belief.

I confesse I have perused them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet believe: yet are there heads carried off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember  
Doctor of Physick in Italy, who  
could

could not perfectly believe the immortality of the soule, because *Galen* seemed to make a doubt ther of. I was familiarly acquainted in France with a Divine, a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and gravelled with three lines of *Seneca*, that all our Antidotes, drawn from both Scripture and Philosophy, could not expell the poison of his error. There are a set of heads, that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet question the testimonies of *Saint Paul* ; and peremptorily believe the traditions of *Ælian* or *Pliny*, yet in the Histories of Scripture, raise Quere's and objections, believing no more than they can parallel in humane Authors.

I confesse there are in Scripture stories that doe exceed the fable of Poets, and to a captious Reader sound like *Garagnatua* or *Bevis* : For search all the Legends of times past, and the fabulous conceit of the present, and  
cwill

It will be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto *Sampson*, yet is all this of an easie possibility, if we conceive a divine concurrence or influence but from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weaknesse of our apprehensions, there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies: my selfe can shew a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing, not fantastick *Quere's*, or objections of the ayre: For I cannot heare of Atoms in Divinity. I read the history of the Pidgeon that was sent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind: That *Lazarus* was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul awaited; or raise a Law-case, whether his heire might  
law-



Lawfully detain his inheritance, bequeathed unto him by his death; and hee, though restored to life, have no Plea for his former possessions. Whether *Eve* was framed out of the left side of *Adam*, I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be such distinction in Nature. Whether *Adam* was an Hermaphrodite, as the Rabbines comment upon the letter of the Text; because it is contrary to all reason, that there should be an Hermaphrodite before there was a woman, or a composition of two natures, before there was a second composed. Likewise, whether the world was created in Autumne, Summer, or the Spring; because it was created in them all; for whatsoever Signe the Sunne possesseth, those foure seasons are actually existent: It is the nature of this Luminary to distinguish the severall seasons of the yeare, all which it makes at one

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time

time in the whole eartn, and successively in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curiosities, not onely in Philosophy but in Divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which are not worthy of our vacant houres, much lesse our serious studies; Pieces onely fit to be placed in *Pantagrucle* Studies, or bound up with *Tartaretus de modo cæcandi*; these are niceties that become not those that peruse so serious a Mystery. There are others more generally questioned and called to the Barre, yet me thinks of an easie, possible truth. 'Tis ridiculous to put off, or drowne the generall Floud of *Noah* in that great particular inundation of *Deucalion*. that there was a Deluge once, seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one alwayes. How all the kinds of Creatures, not onely in their owne bulks, but with a competency of food and sustenance, might be preserved in  
one

one Ark, and with the extent of three hundred cubits, to a reason that rightly examines it, will appear very difficult. There is another secret, not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to comprehend, and puts the honest Father to the refuge of a Miracle; and that is, not onely how the distinct pieces of the world, and divided Ilands should be first planted by men, but inhabited by Tygers, Panthers and Beares. How *America* abounded with beasts of prey, and noxious Animals, yet contained not in it that necessary creature, a Horse. By what passage those, not onely Birds, but dangerous and unwelcome Beasts came over: How thereby creatures are there, which are not found in the triple Continent; all which must needs be strange unto us, that hold but one Arke, and that the creatures began progresse from the mountaines of *Ararat*: They who to salve this would make the Deluge

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particu-

particular, proceed upon a Principle that I can no way grant; not onely upon the negative of holy Scriptures, but of mine owne Reason, whereby I can make it probable, that the world was as well peopled in the time of *Noah* as in ours, and fifteene hundred yeares to people the world, as full a time for them, as foure thousand yeares since hath beene to us.

There are other assertions and common tenents drawn from Scripture, and generally beleev'd as Scripture; whereunto, notwithstanding, I would never betray the liberty of my reason. 'Tis a Paradoxe to me, that *Methuselah* was the longest liv'd of all the children of *Adam*, and no man wll be able to prove it; when from the proesse of the Text I can manifest that it is otherwise. That *Judas* hanged himselfe, there is no certainty in Scripture, though in one place it seems to affirme it, and by a doubtful word hath given occasion to  
 translate

translate it ; yet in another place, in a more punctuall description, it makes it improbable , and seemes to overthrow it. That our Fathers, after the Floud, erected the Tower of *Babell*, to preserve themselves against a second Deluge, is generally opinioned and beleevd ; yet is there another intention of theirs expressed in Scripture: Besides that, it is improbable, from the circumstance of the place, the plaine in the land of *Shinar*. These are no points of Faith, and therefore may admit a free dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly concluded from the Text, wherein (under favour) I see no consequence ; as, to prove the Trinity from the speech of God, in the plural number, *Faciamus hominem*, Let us make man, which is but the common stile of Princes, and men of Eminency : hee that shall read one of his Majesties Proclamations, may with the same Logicke conclude,

there be two Kings in England.

The Church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of Tutelary Angels, from that answer when *Peter* knockt at the doore, *Tis not hee but his Angel*; that is to say, his Messenger, or some body from him; for so the Originall signifies, and is as likely to be the doubtfull Families meaning. This supposition I once suggested to a young Divine, that answered upon this point, to which I remember the *Franciscan* Opponent replied no more, but, That it was a new and no authenticke interpretation.

These are but the conclusions and fallible discourses of man upon the word of God, for such I doe beleve the holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not choose but say, it was the singularest, and superlative Piece that hath been extant since the Creation; were I a Pagan, I should not refraine the Lecture of it; and  
cannot

cannot but commend the judgement of *Ptolomy*, that thought the Alcaran of the Turks ( I speak without prejudice) is an ill composed Piece, containing in it vaine and ridiculous errors in Philosophy, impossibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open Sophismes, the policy of Ignorance, deposition of Univerſities, and banishment of Learning, that hath gotten foot by armes and violence ; This without a blow doth disseminate it selfe through the whole earth. It is not unremarkable what *Philo* first observed, That the Law of *Moses* continued two thousand yeares without the least alteration ; whereas, we see, the Lawes of other Common-weales do alter with occasions ; and even those that pretended their originall from some Divinity, to have vanished without trace or memory. I beleeve, besides *Zoroaster*, there were divers that writ be-

fore *Moses*, who notwithstanding have suffered the common fate of time. Mens Works have an age like themselves; and though they out-live their Authors, yet have a stint and period to their duration: This onely is a Work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the generall flames, when all things shall confesse their ashes.

I have heard some with deepe sighs lament the lost lines of *Cicero*; others with as many groanes deplore the combustions of the Library of *Alexandria*; for my part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urne and ashes of the *Vatican*, could I with a few others recover the perished leaves of *Solomon*. I would not omit a Coppy of *Enochs* Pillars, had they any better Authour than *Iosephus*, or did not relish too much of the Fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken; *Pineda* quotes



quotes more Authors in one worke, than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great Inventions in *Germany*, there are two which are not without their incommodities, and tis disputable, whether they exceed not their use and commodities. Tis not a melancholly *Vtinam* of mine owne, but the desires of better heads, that there were a generall Synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of Religion, but, for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first in a few and solid Authours; and to condemne to the fire those swarmes and millions of *Rapsodies*, begotten onely to distract and abuse the weaker judgements of Scholars, and to maintaine the Trade and Mystery of Typographers. I cannot but wonder with what exceptions the *Samaritanes* could confine their beliefe to the *Pentateuch*, or five Books of *Moses*. I am ashamed at the Rabbinicall Interpretation of the Jewes, upon the  
Old

Old Testament, as much as their defection from the New : and truly it is beyond wonder, how that contemptible and degenerate issue of *Iacob*, that are so devoted to Ethnick Superstition, and so easily seduced to the Idolatry of their Neighbours, should now in such an obstinate and peremptory belief, adhere unto their owne Doctrine, expect impossibilities, and in the face and eye of the Church persist without the least hope of conversion : This is a vice in them, that were a vertue in us ; for obstinacy in a bad cause, is but constancy in a good. And herein I must accuse those of our Religion ; for there is not any of such a fugitive faith, such an unstable believe, as a Christian ; none that doe so oft transforme themselves, not unto severall shapes of Christianity and of the same Species, but unto more unnaturall and contrary formes, of Jew and Mahometan, that from the name  
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of Saviour can condescend to the bare terme of Prophet ; and from an old beliefe that hee is come, to fall to a new expectation of his coming: It is the promise of Christ to make us all one flock ; but how and when the union shall be, is as obscure to me as the last day. Of those foure members of Religion we hold a proportion, there are I confesse some new additions, yet small to those which accrew to our Adversaries and those onely drawne from the revolt of Pagans, men but of negative impieties, and such as deny Christ, but because they never heard of him : But the Religion of the Jew is expressly against the Christian, and the Mahometan against both ; for the Turk, in the bulk hee now stands, hee is beyond all hope of conversion ; if hee fall asunder there may be conceived some hopes, but not without strong improbabilities. The Jew is obstinate in all fortunes ; the persecution

cution of fifteene hundred yeares hath but confirmed them in their error : they have already endured whatsoever may bee inflicted , and have suffered, in a bad cause, even to the condemnation of their enemies. Persecution is a bad and indire&t way to plant Religion ; It hath beene the unhappy method of angry devotions , not onely to confirme honest Religion, but wicked Heresies , and extravagant Opinions. It was the first stone and Basis of our Faith , none can more justly boast of persecutions, and glory in the number and valour of Martyrs ; for, to speake properly, those are true and only examples of fortitude : Those that fetch it from the Field, or draw it from the actions of the Camp are not so truly presidents of valour and audacity, and at the best attaine but to some bastard piece of fortitude : If wee shall strictly examine the circumstances and requisites which *Aristotle* requires

quires to true and perfect valour, wee shall finde the name onely in his Master *Alexander*, and as little in the Romane Worthy, *Iulius Caesar*; and if any, in that easie and active way, have done so nobly as to deserve that name, yet in the passive and more terrible piece those have surpassed, and in a more heroicall way may claime the honour of that Title. Tis not in the power of every honest faith to proceed thus farre, or passe to Heaven through the flames; every one hath it not in the full measure, nor in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests and tryalls, who notwithstanding in a peaceable way doe truly adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a faith acceptable in the eyes of God: Now as all that dye in warre are not termed Souldiers, so neither can I  
proper-

properly terme all those that suffer in matters of Religion Martyrs. The Councell of *Constance* condemnes *Iohn Husse* for an Heretick, the Stories of his owne party stile him a Martyr ; it is false Divinity if I say hee was neither the one nor the other : There are many (questionlesse) canonized on earth, that shall never be Saints in Heaven ; and have their names in Histories and Martyrologies, who, in the eyes of God, are not so perfect Martyrs as was that wise Heathen , *Socrates*, that suffered on a fundamentall point of Religion, the Unity of God. I have pitied the miserable Bishop that suffered in the cause of *Antipodes*, yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madnesse, for exposing his life on such a trifle, as those of ignorance and folly that condemned him. I think my conscience will  
not

not give me the lie, if I say, there is not a man extant that in a noble way feares the face of death lesse than my selfe, yet from the morall duty I owe to the Commandement of God, and the naturall respects that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a Ceremony, Politick points, or indifferency: nor is my believe of that untractable temper, as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters that are not manifest impieties: The leaven therefore and ferment of all, not onely Civill, but Religious actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit our selves to the flames is Homicide, and (I feare) but to passe through one fire into another. That Miracles are ceased I can neither prove, nor absolutely deny, much lesse define the time and period of their cessation; that they

they survived Christ, is manifest upon record of Scripture ; that they out-lived the Apostles also, and were revived at the conversion of Nations, many yeares after, wee cannot deny, if wee shall not question those Writers whose testimonies wee doe not controvert, in points that make for our owne opinions ; therefore that may have some truth in it that is reported by the Jesuite, of their Miracle in the Indies, I could wish it were true, or had any other testimony then their owne Pennes : they may easily beleeve those Miracles abroad, who daily conceive greater at home ; the transmutation of those visible elements into the visible body and bloud of our Saviour : for the conversion of water into wine, which hee wrought in *Cana*, or what the Devill would have had him done in the wilder nesse, of stones into Bread,



bread, compared to this, scarce deserves the name of Miracle: Though indeed, to speake properly, there is not one Miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effect of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equall facility; and to create the world as easily as one single creature. For this is also a miracle, not onely to produce effects against or above Nature, but before Nature; and to create Nature as great a miracle as to contradict or transcend her; we doe too narrowly define the power of God, restraining it to our capacities. I hold that God cannot doe all things but sinne, how hee could worke contradictions I doe not understand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot see why the Angels of God should question *Esdras* to re-

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call the time past, if it were beyond his owne power ; or that God should pose mortality in that, which he was not able to performe himself. I will not say God cannot, but he will not performe many things, which we plainly affirm he cannot : this I am sure is the mannerliest proposition, wherein notwithstanding I hold no Paradox. For strictly his power is the same with his will, and they both with all the rest do make but one God.

But above all things, I wonder how the curiosity of wiser heads could passe that great and indisputable miracle, the cessation of Oracles : and in what swoun their reasons lay, to content themselves, and sit down with such far-fetcht and ridiculous reasons as *Plutarch* alledgeth for it. The Jewes that can believe the supernaturall sol-  
lliee

stice of the Sun in the dayes of *Iofuah*, have yet the impudence to deny the Eclipse, which every Pagan confessed at their death: but for this it is evident beyond all contradiction, the Devill himself confessed it. Certainly it is not a warrantable curiosity, to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of humane history, or seeke to confirme the Chronicle of *Hester* or *Daniel*, by the authority of *Megastenes* or *Herodotus*: I confesse I have had an unhappy curiosity this way, till I laughed my selfe out of it with a piece of *Iustine*, where he delivers that the children of *Israel* for being scabbed were banished out of Egypt. And truely since I have understood the occurrences of the world, and know in what counterfeit shapes and deceitfull vizzards the time represents on the stage things past; I doe beleeve

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them

them little more than things that come. Some have been of opinion, and endeavoured to write the History of their own lives; wherein *Moses* hath outgone them all, and left not onely the story of his life, but of his death also. It is a riddle to me, how this story of Oracles hath not worm'd out of the world that doubtfull conceit of Spirits and Witches; how so many learned heads should so far forget the Metaphysicks, and destroy the Ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits: for my part, I have ever beleev'd, & do now know, that there are Witches; they that doubt of these, do not onely deny them, but Spirits; and are obliquely, not consequently, a sort, not of Infidels, but Atheists.

Those that to confute their incredulity desire to see apparitions, shall questionlesse never behold  
any,

any, nor have the power ever to be so much as Witches; the Devill hath them already in a heresie as capitall as Witchcraft, and to appeare to them, were but to convert them: Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortalitie, there is not any that puzleth me more than the Legerdemain of *Changeling*; I doe not credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts, or that the Devill hath the power to transplant a man into a horse, who tempted Christ (as a triall of his Divinity) to convert stones into bread. I could beleeve that Spirits use with man the act of carnality, and that in both sexes; I conceive they may assume, steale, or contrive a body, wherein there may bee action enough to content decrepit lust, or passion to satisfie more active veneries; yet in both, without a possibility of generation: and

therefore that opinion, that Antichrist should be born of the Tribe of *Dan* by conjunction with the Devill, is ridiculous, and a conceit fitter for the Rabbins than Christians.

I hold that the Devill doth really possesse some men, the spirit of melancholy others, the spirit of delusion others; that as the Devill is concealed and deemed by some, so God and good Angels are pretended by others, whereof the late defection of the Maid of Germany hath left pregnant example. Againe, I beleve that all that use sorceries, incantations, and spells, are not Witches, or as wee terme them, Magicians; I conceive there is a traditionall Magicke, not learned immediately from the Devill, but at second hand from his Schollers; who having once his secret betrayed, are able, and do empirically practice  
with-

without his advice, they both proceeding upon the principles of nature: their actives actively conjoynd to disposed passives, will under any Master produce their effects. Thus I think at first a great part of Philosophy was Witchcraft, which being afterward derived to another, proved but Philosophy, and was indeed no more but the honest effects of Nature: What invented by us is Philosophy, learned from him is Magicke. We doe surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad Angels. I could never passe that sentence of *Paracelsus* without an asteriske or annotation; *Accendens constellationum multa revelat, quarentibus animalia natura, i.e. opera Dei.* I doe thinke that many mysteries ascribed to our owne inventions, have beene

the courteous revelation of Spirits; for those noble essences in heaven beare a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth; and therefore beleevē that those many prodigies and ominous prognostickes which fore-run the ruines of States, Princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good Angels, which more carelesse enquiries terme but the effects of chance and nature. Now besides these particular and divided Spirits, there may be (for ought I know) an universall common Spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of *Plato*, and it is yet the Hermiticall Philosophers; if there be a common nature that unites and tyes the scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However,  
I am



I am sure there is a common Spirit that playes within us, yet makes no part of us, and that is the Spirit of God, and scintillation of the noble and mighty Essence, which is the life and radical heat of spirits; and those essences that know not the vertue of the Sunnes fire, quite contrary to the fire of Hell: This is the gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in sixe dayes hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispells the mists of Hell, the clouds of horrour, feare, sorrow, and dispaire; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity: whatsoever feels not the warme gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit (though I feele his pulse) I dare not say hee lives; for truly without this, to mee, there is no heat under the Tropick; nor any light,  
though

though I dwell in the body of  
the Sun.

*As when the labouring Sunne bath  
wrought his track,  
Vp to the top of lofty Cancers  
back,  
The ycie Ocean cracks, the frozen  
poole  
Thawes with the heat of the Ce-  
lestiall coale ;  
So when the absent beames begin  
t impart  
Againe a Solstice on my frozen  
heart,  
My winters ou'r, my drooping spi-  
rits sing,  
And every part revives into a  
Spring.  
But if thy quickning beames awhile  
decline,  
And with their light blesse not this  
Orbe of mine,*

*A chilly frost surpriseth every member,*

*And in the midst of Iune I feele  
December.*

*Keepe still in my Horizon, for to mee,*

*Tis not the Sunne that makes the  
day, but thee.*

*O how this earthly temper doth de-  
base*

*The noble Soule, in this her hea-  
venly place!*

*whose wingie nature ever doth  
aspire,*

*To reach the place whence first it  
took its fire.*

*Those flames, I feele, which in my  
heart do dwell,*

*Are not thy beames, but take their  
fire from Hell:*

*O quench them all, and let thy light  
aivine*

*Be as the Sunne to this poore Orbe  
of mine:*

*And*

*And to thy sacred Spirit convert  
those fires,  
whose earthy fumes choak my de-  
vout aspires.*

Therefore for Spirits I am so farre from denying their existence, that I could easily beleeve, that not onely whole Countreys, but particular persons have their Tutelary, and Guardian Angels: It is not a new opinion of the Church of *Rome*, but of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*; there is no heresie in it, and if not manifestly defin'd in Scripture, yet is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a mans life, and would seeme as an *Hypothesis* to salve many doubts, whereof common Philosophy affordeth no resolution: Now if you demand my opinion  
and

and Metaphysicks of their natures, I confesse them very shal-  
low, most of them in a negative  
way, like that of God; or in a  
comparative, betweene our selves  
and fellow creatures; for there  
is in this Universe a Staire, or  
manifest Scale of creatures, ri-  
sing not disorderly, or in a confu-  
sion, but with a comely method  
and proportion: betweene crea-  
tures of meer existence and things  
of life, there is a large dispropor-  
tion of nature; betweene two  
plant-animals or creatures of  
sense, a wider difference; between  
them and man, a farre greater:  
and if the proportion hold on,  
betweene man and Angels there  
should bee yet a greater.

We doe not comprehend their  
naures, who retainethe first defi-  
nition of *Porphiry*, and distin-  
guish them from our selves by  
immorta-

immortality; for before his fall, man also was immortall; yet must wee needs affirme that hee had a different essence from the Angels: having therefore no certaine knowledge of their natures, 'tis no bad method of the Schools, whatsoever perfection wee finde obscurely in our selves, in a more complete and absolute way to ascribe unto them. I beleeve they have an extemporary Knowledge, and upon the first motion of their reason doe what wee cannot without study or deliberation; they know things by their forms, and define by specificall difference, what wee describe by accidents and properties; and therefore probabilities to us may bee demonstrations unto them; that they have knowledge not onely of the specificall, but numericall forms of individualls, and understand

stand by what reserved difference each single *Hypostasis* (besides the relation to its species) becomes its naturall selfe.

That as the Soule hath a power to move the body it informs, so there is a Faculty to move any, though informe none; ours upon restraint of time, place, and distance.

But that invisible hand that conveyed *Habbacuck* to the Lions den, or *Philip* to *Azotus*, infringeth this rule, and hath a secret conveyance, wherewith mortality is not acquainted; if they have that intentive knowledge, whereby as in reflexion they behold the thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a grear part of ours. They that to refute the Invocation of Saints, have dec-  
med

med that they know not our affaires below, have proceeded too farre, and must pardon my opinion, till I can truly answer that piece of Scripture, *At the conversion of a sinner all the Angels of heaven rejoyce.* I cannot with that great Father securely interpret the worke of the first day, *Fiat lux,* to the creation of Angels, though (I confesse) there is not any creature that hath so neare a glympse of their nature, as light in the Sunne and Elements, while wee stile a bare accident, but where it subsists alone, a spirituall Substance, and maybe an Angel: in brieffe, conceive light invisible, and that is a Spirit, those are certainly the Magisteriall and master-pieces of the Creature; the Flower (or as wee may say) the  
the



the best part of nothing actually existing, what we are but in hopes, and probabilities, we are onely the amphibious piece betweene a corporall and spirituall essence, that middle forme that linkes those two together, and makes good the method of God and nature, that jumps not from extreames, but unites the incompatible distances by some middle and participating natures; that we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of holy Scripture, but to call our selves a Microcosme, or little world, I thought it onely a pleasant trope of Rhetorick, till my neare judgement and second thoughts told me there was a reall truth therein: for first we are a rude masse, and in the ranke of creatures, which onely are, and have a dull kind of being not yet priviledged with life, or preferred to sense or reason; next we live the life of plants, the life of animals,

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the life of men, and at last the life of spirits, running on in one mysterious nature : those five kinds of existences which comprehend the creatures not onely of the world, but of the Universe ; this is man the great and true Amphibium, whose nature is disposed to live not onely like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and distinguished worlds ; for though there be but one to sense, there are two to reason ; the one visible, the other invisible, whereof *Moses* seemes to have left description, and of the other so obscurely, that some parts thereof are yet in controversie, and truly for the last chapter of *Genesis*, I must confesse a great deale of obscurity, though Divines have to the power of humane reason endeavoured to make all goe in a litterall meaning, yet those allegoricall interpretations are also probable, and perhaps the mysticall method of *Moses* bred up in the Hieroglyphicall

roglyphicall Schooles of the Egyptians.

Now for the immateriall world, me thinkes we need not wander so farre as the first moveable, for even in this materiall fabricke the spirits walke as freely exempt from the affect on of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extreamest circumference: doe but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of Angels, which if I call the ubiquitous, and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend Divinity; for before the Creation of the world God was really all things. For the Angels he created no new world, or determinate mansion, and therefore they are every where where his essence is, and doe live at a distance even in himselfe: that God made all things for man, is in some sence true, yet not so farre as to subordinate the

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creation

creation of those purer creatures to ours, though as ministring spirits they doe, and are willing to fulfill the will of God in these lower and sublunary affaires of man; God made all things for himselfe, and it is impossible he should make them for any other end then his owne glory; it is all he can receive, and all that is without himselfe, for honour being an externall adjunct, and in the honourer, rather then in the person honoured, it was necessary to make a creature, from whom he might receive this homage, and that is in the other world Angels, in this it is man, which when we neglect, we forget the very end of our creation, and may justly provoke God, not onely to repent that he hath made the world, but that he hath sworne that he would not destroy it. That there is but one world, is a conclusion of faith. *Aristotle* with all his Philosophy hath not been able to prove  
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it, and as weakly that the world was eternall; that dispute much troubled the penne of the antient Philosophers, but *Moses* decided that question, and salv'd all with a new terme of creation, a production of something out of nothing, and that is whatsoever is opposite to something more exactly, that which is truly contrary unto God, for hee onely is, all other have an existence, with depending, and are something but by distinction.

The whole Creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man, at the blast of his mouth were the rest of the creatures made, and at his bare word they started out of nothing: but in the frame of man (as the text describes it) he played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create, as make him; when he had separated the materials of other creatures, there

consequently resulted a forme and soule, but having raised the wals of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation of a substance like himselfe, an incorruptible and immortall soule. For the two assertions we have in Philosophy, & opinion of the Heathens, the flat affirmative of *Plato*, and not a negative from *Aristotle*: there is another scruple cast in by Divinity (concerning its production) much disputed in the Germane auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments, as leave the controversies undetermined.

I am not of *Paracelsus* minde, that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction, yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that doe deny traduction, having no other argument to confirme their believe, then that Rhetoricall sentence, and *Antanaclassis* of *Augustine*, *creando infunditur,*

*tur, infundendo creatur*, either opinion will stand well enough with religion, yet I should rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt me, not wrung from speculations and subtilties, but from common sense, and observation, not pickt from the leaves of any other, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine owne braine. And this is a conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous production in the copulation of man with beast; for if the soule of man be not transmitted & transfused in the seed of the parents: why are not those productions meere beasts, but have also an impressure and tincture of reason in as high measure as it may demonstrate it selfe in those improper organs? nor truly can I reasonably deny, that the soule in this her sublunary estate, is wholly inorganicall, but that for the perfor-

mance of her ordinary actions, is required not onely a symmetry and proper disposition of Organs, but a Crasis and temper correspondent to its operation; yet is not this masse of flesh and visible structure the instrument and proper corps of the soule, but rather of sense, and that the nearer *Ubi* of reason. In our study of Anatomy there is a masse of mysterious Philosophy, and such as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity; yet amongst all those rare discoveries, and curious pieces I finde in the fabricke of man, I doe not so much content my selfe, as in that I finde not any proper Organe or instrument for the rationall soule; for in the braine, which we tearme the seate of reason, there is not any thing of moment more then I can discover in the cranie of a beast. Thus we are men, and we know not how,  
there



there is something in us, that can be without us, & wilbe after us, though it is strange that it hath no history, what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us

Now for the wals of flesh, wherein the soule doth seeme to be immured before the restauration, it is nothing but an elementall composition, and a fabricke that may fall to ashes; All flesh is grasse, is not onely metaphorically, but literally true, for all those creatures we behold, are but the hearbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in our selves. Nay further, we are what we all abhorre, *Antropophagi* and Cannibals, devourers not onely of men, but of our selves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this masse of flesh which we behold, came in at our mouths: this frame we looke  
upon,

upon, hath beene upon our trenchers. In brieft, we have devoured our selves. I cannot beleve that wisdom of *Pythagoras* did ever positively, and in a literall sense, affirme his *Metempsychosis*, or impossible transmigrations of the soules of men into beasts: of all *Metamorphosis* or transmigrations, I beleve onely one, that is of *Lots* wife, for that of *Nebuchadnezzar* proceeded not so farre; In all others I conceive there is no further verity then is contained in their implicate sense and mortality: I beleve that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death, as before it was materialled unto life; that the soules of men know neither contrary nor corruption, that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the priviledge of their proper natures, and without

a miracle; that the soules of the faithfull, as they leave earth, take possession of Heaven: that those apparitions, and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandring soules of men, but the unquiet walkes of Devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, bloud, and villany, instilling, and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not a rest in their graves, but wander sollicitous of the affairs of the world; that those phantasmes appeare often, and doe frequent Cemiteries, charnell houses, and Churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the Devill like an insolent Champion holds with pride the spoyles and Trophies of his victory in *Adam*.

This is the dismall conquest we all deplore, that makes us often cry (O) *Adam, quid fecisti?* I thanke God I have not those strait ligaments

gaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horreur thereof, or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continuall sight of Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous reliques, like Vespilloes, or Grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality, but that marshalling of the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I finde not any therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much lesse a resolved Christian, and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to beare a part of this common fate; and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breath; to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant a spirit,

spirit: When I take a full view and circle of my selfe, but with this reasonable moderator, and equall piece of justice, death, I doe conceive my selfe the miserablest person extant, were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of the world should not intreate a moments breath from me; could the Devill worke my beliefe to imagine I could never die, I would not out-live that very thought, I have so abject a thought of this common way of existence, this retaining to the Sunne and elements, I cannot thinke this to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of my nature, in expectation of a better; I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations doe often desire death, I honour any man that contemnes it, nor can I love any that is afraid of it; this makes me naturally love a Souldier and honour those tattered  
and

and contemptible Regiments that will die at the command of a Sergeant. For a Pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life, but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this Dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or carelesse of the life to come.

Some Divines count *Adam* 30. yeares old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man; and surely we are all out of the computation of our age, every man is some moneths elder then hee be-thinkes him; for we live, move, and have a being, and are subject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diseases in that other world, the truest Microcosme, the wombe of our mother, for besides that generall and common existence that we are conceived in our Chaos, and whilst we sleepe with-  
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in the bosome of our causes, we enjoy a being and life in three distinct wolds, wherein we receive most manifest gradations: In that obscure world and wombe of our mother, our time is short, computed by the Moone; yet longer then the dayes of many creatures that behold the Sunne, our selves being not yet without life, sense, and reason, the manifestation of its actions, it awaits the opportunity of objects; and seems to live there but in its roote and soule of vegetation, entering afterwards upon the scene of the world, we arise up and become another creature, performing the reasonable actions of man, and obscurely manifesting that part of Divinity in use, but not in complement and perfection, till we have once more cast our seconde, that is this slough of flesh, and are delivered into the last world, that is, that meffable place  
of

of Saint *Paul*, that *ubi* of spirits. The smattering that I have of the Philosophers stone, which is nothing else but the perfectest exaltation of gold, hath taught me a great deale of Divinity, and instructed my beliefe, how that immortall spirit and incottuptible substance of my soule may lie obscure, and sleepe within this house of flesh. Those strange and mysticall transmigrations that I have observed in Silke-wormes, turn d my Philosophy into Divinity. There is in these works of nature, which seem to puzzle reason, something Divine, and hath more in it then the eye of a common spectator doth discover. I am naturally bashfull, nor hath conversation, age, or travell, beene able to effront or harden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldome discovered in another, that is, to speak truly. I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof,  
to



to the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, Wife, and Children stand afraid and stare at us. The Birds and Beasts of the field that before in a natural feare obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance begin to prey upon us; this very conceite hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished, unseene, unpityed, without wondring eyes, teares of pity, Lectures of mortality, and none had said, *quaptum mutatus ab illo!* Not that I am ashamed of the Anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my owne vitious life for contracting any shamefull disease upon me, whereby I might not call my selfe as wholesome a morsell for the wormes as any. Some upon the courage of fruitfull issue, wherein, as in the truest Chronicle, they seeme to

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outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceite and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seemes to me a meere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a noble ambition, should desire to live in his substance in Heaven. And therefore at my death I meane to take a Totall adiew of the world, not caring for a Monument, History, or Epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found any where but in the univetsall Register of God: I am not yet so Cynicall, as to approve the Testament of *Diogenes*, nor doe altogether allow that *Rodomantado* of *Lucian*.

—*Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*  
*He that unburied lies wants not a Herse,*  
*For unto him a tombe's the universe.*

But commend in my calmer judgement,

ment, those ingenious intentions that desire to sleepe by the urnes of their Fathers, and strive to goe the nearest way unto corruption. I doe not envy the temper of Crowes; nor the numerous and weary dayes of our Fathers, before the Flood. If there be any truth in Astrology, I may outlive a Jubilee, as yet I have not seen one revolution of *Saturne*, nor have my pulf beate thirty yeares, and excepting one, have seene the ashes, and left under ground, al the Kings of *Europe*, have beene contemporary to three Emperours, foure Grand Signiours, and as many Popes; me thinkes I have out-lived my selfe, and begin to be weary of the same, I have shaken hands with delight in warme blood and Canicular dayes, I perceive I doe participate the vices of age, the world to me is but a dreame, or mock-show, and we all therein but Pantalones or Antickes to my severer contemplation.

It is not, I confesse, an unlawfull Prayer to desire to surpasse the dayes of our Saviour, or wish to out-live that age wherein he thought fittest to dye, yet, if (as Divinity affirmes ) there shall be no gray haire in Heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we doe but out-live those perfections in this world, to be recalled by them, by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to out-live vice, or a point to be super-annated from sin, it were worthy on our knees to implore the age of *Methuselah*. But age doth not rectifie, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and (like diseases) bring on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weake in age, we grow strong in sinne, and the number of our daies doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteene, is not the same, though it agree in all  
other

other circumstances, at forty, but swels and doubles from the circumstance of our ages, wherin besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, it hath the maturity of our Judgement to cut off pretence unto excuse or pardon: every sin, the oftner it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in times, so it proceeds into degrees of badnesse, for as they proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in Arithmeticke, the last stands for more then al that went before it: the course and order of my life, would be a very death to others: I use my selfe to all dyets, humours, ayres, hunger, thirst, cold, heate, want, plenty; necessity, dangers, hazards; when I am cold, I cure not my selfe by heate, when sicke, not by physicke, those that know how I live, may justly say, I regard not life, nor stand in feare of death, I am much taken with two verses of *Lucan*, since I have beene a-

ble not onely as we doe at Schoole, to  
construe, but understand it :

*Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,  
Felix esse mori.*

*So are we all deluded, vainely searching  
wayes,*

*To make us happy by the length of dayes,  
For cunningly it makes protract the breath  
The Gods conceale the happines of Death*

There be many excellent straines  
in that Poet, wherewith his Stoicall  
Genius hath liberally supplied him;  
and truely there are singular pieces of  
the Philosophy of *Zeno*, and doctrine  
of the Stoickes, which I perceive, de-  
livered in a Pulpit, passe for currant  
Divinity, yet herein are they extream  
that can allow a man to be his owne  
*Assassine*, and so highly extoll the  
end of *Cato*, this is indeed not to feare  
death, but yet to be afraid of life. It  
is a brave act of valour to contemne  
death, but where life is more terrible  
then

then death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live, and herein Religion hath taught us a noble example: For all the valiant acts of *Curtius*, *Scevola*, or *Codrus*, doe not parallell or match that one of *Job*; and sure there is no torture to the racke of a disease, nor any Poneyard in death it selfe like those in the way or prologue unto it.

*Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo*, I would not dye, but care not to be dead. Were I of *Cæsars* Religion I should be of his desires, and wish rather to be tortured at one blow, then to be sawed in peeces by the grating torture of a disease. Now besides this literall positive kinde of death, there are others whereof Divines make mention, and those I think, not meere-ly Metaphoricall, as Mortification, dying unto sin and the world; therefore, I say, every man hath a double Horoscope, one of his Humanity, his birth; another of his Christianity,

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his

his baptisme, and from this doe I compute or calculate my Nativity, yet not reckoning of those *Hora combusta*, and odde dayes, or esteeming my selfe any thing, before I was my Saviours, and inrolled in the Register of Christ, whosoever enjoys not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he weare about him the sensible affection of the flesh.

In those morall acceptions, the way to be immortall is to dye daily, nor can I thinke that I have the true Theory of death, when I contemplate a skull, or behold a Skeleton, which those vulgar imaginations cast upon it; I have therefore enlarged that common *Memento mori*, into a more Christian memorandum, *Memento quatuor novissima*, those foure inevitable points of us all, Death, Judgement, Heaven, and Hel. Neither did the contemplations of the Heathens rest in their graves, without a further thought of *Radamanth* or some judiciall



ciall proceeding after death, but in another way, and upon suggestion of their naturall reasons. I cannot but marvaile from what *Sibyll* or Oracle they stole the prophesy of the worlds destruction by fire, or whence *Lucan* learned to say,

*Communis mundo superest rogas, ossibus  
Misturus. ———*

(*astra*

*There yet remains toth<sup>s</sup> world one com-  
mon fire,*

*Wherein our bones with stars shall make  
one pire.*

I beleeve the world growes neare its end, and yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruines of its owne principles. As the worke of Creation was above nature, so its adversary, annihilation, without which the world hath not its end. Now what force should bee able to consume it, thus farre without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame my Philosophy can informe me I beleeve that there went  
not

not a minute to the worlds creation, nor shall there goe to its destruction; Those six dayes so punctually described, make not to me one moment, but rather seeme to manifest the method and Idea of the great worke of the intellect of God, then the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dreame that there should be at the last day any Judiciall proceeding, or calling to the Barre, as indeed the Scripture seemes to imply, and the literall commentators doe conceive: for unspeakeable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way, and being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truely are, but as they may be understood, wherein notwithstanding the different interpretations according to different capacities, they may stand firme with our devotion, nor be any way prejudiciall to each single edification. Now to determine the day and yeare of  
this

his inevitable time, is not onely convincible and statute madnesse, but also manifest impiety; How shall we interpret *Elias* 6000. yeares, or imagine the secret communicated to the Rabbi, which God hath denyed to his Angels.

It had beene an excellent quære, to have posed the devill of *Delphos*, and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology, it hath not onely mocked the predictions of fundry Astrologers in ages past, but the Philosophy of many melancholy heads, in the present, who neither understanding reasonable things past nor present, pretend a knowledge of things to come, heads ordained onely to manifest the incredible effects of melancholy, and to fulfill old prophecies, rather then be authour of new.

[In those dayes there shall come warres and rumours of warres] to me seemes no prophesie, but a constant truth,

truth, in all times verified since it was first pronounced: There shall be signes in the Moone and Starres, how comes he then like a theefe in the night, when he gives an item of his comming? That common signe drawne from the revelation of Antichrist, the Philosophers stone, in Divinity, for the discovery and invention whereof, though there be prescribed rules, and probable inductions, yet hath no man attained the perfect discovery thereof. That generall opinion that the world growes neere at an end, hath possessed all ages past as neerely as ours. I am afraid that the Soules that now depart, cannot escape the Ingring expostulation of the Saints under the Altar, *Quousque Domine? How long, O Lord?* and groane in the expectation of the great Jubilee. This is the day that must make good the great attribute of Gods Justice, that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest

fest understandings, and reduce those seeming inequalities, and respective distributions in this world, to an equality and recompensive Justice in the next.

This is that one day, that shall include and comprehend all that went before it, whereïn as in the last scene, all the Actors must enter to compleat and make up the Catastrophe of this great peece. This is the day, whose onely memory hath power to make us honest in the darke, and to be vertuous without a witnesse. *Ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi*, that vertue is her owne reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintaine our variable resolutions in a constant and settled way of goodnesse. I have practized that honest artifice of *Seneca*, and in my retired and solitary imaginations, to detaine me from the foulnesse of vice, have fancied to my selfe the presence of my deare and worthyest friend, before whom I should lose  
my

my head, rather then be vicious, yet herein I found that there was nought but morall honesty, and this was not to be vertuous for his sake who must reward us at the last day. I have tryed if I could have reached that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of Heaven or Hell; and indeed I found upon a naturall inclination, and inbred loyalty unto vertue, that I could serve her without a livery, yet not in the resolved venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon an easie temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life therefore and spirit of all our actions, is the resurrection, and stable apprehension, that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours; without this, all Religion is a fallacy, and those impieties of *Lucian* and *Euripedes*, are no blasphemies, but subtle verities, and Atheists have beene the onely Philosophers. How shall the dead arise? is no question of my faith,

faith; to beleave onely possibilities, is not faith, but meere Philosophy; many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense, and many things in Philosophy confirmable by sense, yet not inducible by reason. Thus it is impossible by any solid or demonstrative reasons to perceive a man to beleave the conversion of the Needle to the North; though this be possible, and true, and easily credible, upon a single experiment of the sense. I beleave that our estranged and divided ashes shall unite againe, that our separated dust after so many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of mineralls, Plants, Animals, Elements, shall at the voyce of God returne into their primitive shapes, and joyne againe to make up their primary & predestinate formes. As at the Creation, there was a separation of the confused masse into its species, so at the destruction thereof  
shall

shall be a separation into its distinct individuals. As at the Creation of the world, all that distinct species that we behold, lay involved in one masse, till the fruitfull voyce of God separated this united multitude into its severall species: so at the last day, when those corrupted reliques shall be scattered in the wildernesse of formes, and seeme to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerful voyce shall command them backe into their proper shapes, and call them out by their single and individuals: Then shall appeare the fertility of *Adam*, and the magicke of that sperme that hath dilated into so many millions; what is made to be immortall, Nature cannot, nor will the voyce of God destroy.

Those bodies that wee behold to perish, were in their created natures, immortall, and liable unto death, but accidentally, and upon forfeit, and therefore they owe not that naturall



naturall homage unto death, as other bodies doe, but may be restored to immortality with a lesser miracle, as by a bare, an easie revocation of course returne immortall. I have often beheld as a miracle, that artificiaall resurrection and vivification of *Mercury*, how being mortified in a thousand shapes, it assumes againe its owne, and returnes into its numericall selfe.

Let us speake naturally, and as Philosophers, the formes of alterable bodies in those sensible corruptions perish not; nor as we imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into those secret and unaccessable parts where they may best protect themselves against the action of their Antagonists. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, to a contemplative and schoole Philosopher seemes utterly destroyed, and the forme to have taken his leave for ever: But to a subtile Artist

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the formes are not perished, but with-  
drawne into their combustible part,  
where they lie secure from the action  
of that devouring element. This I  
make good by experience, and can  
from the ashes of a plant revive the  
plant, and from its cinders recall  
it to its stalk and leaves againe. What  
the Art of man can doe in these infe-  
riour pieces, what blasphemy is it to  
imagine the finger of God cannot  
doe in those more perfect and sensible  
structures? This is that mysticall Phi-  
losophy, from whence no true Schol-  
ler becomes an Atheist, but from the  
visible effects of nature, growes up a  
reall Divine, and beholds not as in a  
dreame, as *Ezekiel*, but in an ocular  
and visible object the types of his re-  
surrection. Now, the necessary Man-  
tions of our restored selfe, are these  
two contrary incompatible places we  
call Heaven and Hell; to define  
them, or strictly to determine what  
and where these are, surpasseth my  
divinity.

divinity. That elegant Saint, which seemed to have a glimpse of Heaven, hath left but a negative description thereof; Which neither eye hath seen, nor eare hath heard, nor can enter into the heart of man : he was translated out of himselfe to behold it, but being returned into himselfe could not expresse it. Saint *Johns* description by Emeralds, Chrysolites, and pretious stones, is too weake to expresse the materiall Heaven wee behold. Briefely therefore, where the soule hath the full measure, and complement of happinesse, where the boundlesse appetite of the spirit remains compleatly satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration; that I think is truly Heaven : and this can only be in the enjoyment of that essence, whose infinite goodnesse is able to terminate the desires of it selfe, and the unlatiable wishes of ours; where ever God will thus manifest himselfe,

there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world.

Thus the sense of man may be in Heaven any where within the limits of his owne proper body, and when it ceaseth to live in the body, it may remaine in its own soule, that is its Creator. And thus we may say that Saint *Paul*, whether in the body, or out of the body, was yet in Heaven. To place it in the Empyriall, or beyond the tenth Spheere, is to forget the worlds destruction; for when this sensible world shall be destroyed, and shall then be here as it was there, an Empyriall Heaven, a *quasi vacuitie*, when to aske where Heaven is, is to demand where the presence of God is, or where we have the glory of that happy vision. *Moses* that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a grosse absurdity in Philosophy, when with the eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth it selfe,

to

to contradiction. Those that imagine Heaven and Hel neighbours, and conceive a vicinity betweene those two extreames, upon consequence of the Parable, where *Dives* discoursed with *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosom, doe too grossely conceive of those glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily out-see the Sunne, and behold without a Perspective, the extreamest distances: for if there shall be in our glorified eyes, the faculty of sight and reception of objects, I could thinke the visible species there to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectuals. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth Spheare, or in a vacuity, according to *Aristotles* Philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a body or Medium to have and transport the visible rayes of the object unto the sense, but when there shall be a generall defect of either Medium to convey, or light to prepare and dispose

that Medium, and yet a perfect vision, we must suspend the rules of our Philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of Opticks. I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell, I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a flame that can neither prey upon, nor purifie the substance of a soule; those flames of sulphure mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present Hell, but of that to come where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or subject wherein to manifest its tyranny: Some who had the honour to be text in divinity, are of opinion it shall be the same specificall fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us: for in this material world, there are bodies that passed invincible in the powerfullst flames, and though by action of the  
fire

fire they fell into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction: I would know how *Moses* with an actuall fire calcind, or burnt the golden Calfe into powder: for that mysticall mettles of gold, whose solary and celestial nature I adore, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot and liquifies, but consumeth not: so when the consumable & volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper like gold, though they suffer from the action of the flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortall in the armes of fire.

And surely if this frame must suffer onely by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not onely Heaven, but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning; For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and aire; but at that time spoyled of those ingredients, it shall

appeare in a substance more like it selfe, its ashes. Philosophers that opinioned the worlds destruction by fire, did never dreame of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes; for the last and proper action of that element is but vitrification or a reduction of a body into Glasse, and therefore some of our Chymicks factiously affirme; yea, and urge Scripture for it, that at the last fire all shall be crystallized and reverberated into Glasse, which is the utmost action of that element. Nor need we feare this terme annihilation, or wonder that God will destroy the workes of his Creation: for man subsisting, who is, and then truly appears a Microcosme; the world cannot be said to be destroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified selves, shall as really behold and contemplate the world in its Epitome or contracted essence, as now it doth at large in its dilated substance.

In



In the Syen of a Plant to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exist, though in an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: for things that are in *posse* to the sense, are actually existent to the understanding. Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his workes in their Epitome, as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before. Men commonly set forth the torments of Hell by fire, and the extremity of corporall afflictions, and describe Hell in the same method that *Mahomet* doth Heaven. This indeed makes a noyse, and drums in popular eares: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with Heaven, whose happinesse consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortall essence, the  
translated

translated divinity of God, the soule. I thanke God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place, I have so fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almost forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joyes of Heaven, then endure the misery of Hell; to be deprived of them is a perfect Hell, and needs me thinkes no addition to compleate our afflictions; that terrible terme hath never detained me from sinne, nor doe I owe any good action to the name thereof: I feare God, yet am not afraid of him, his mercies make me ashamed of my sinnes, before his judgements afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation, a course rather to detaine the wicked, then to incite the godly to his worship. I cannot think there was ever any  
scared

scared into Heaven, they goe the fairest way to Heaven, that would serve God without a Hell, other Mercenaries that crouch unto him in feare of Hell, though they terme themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty: and to be true, and speake my soule, when I survey the occurrences of my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceiv nothing but an abyss and masse of mercies, either in generall to mankind, or in particular to my selfe, and whether out of the prejudice of my owne affections, or an inverting and partiall conceit of his mercies I know not, but those which others terme crosses, afflictions, judgements, misfortunes, to me who enquire farther into them then visible effects, they both appeare, and in effect have ever proved the secret and dissembled favours of his affection. It is a singular piece of wisdome to apprehend truly, and without passion the worke of  
God,

God, and so well to distinguish his justice from his mercy, as not miscall those noble attributes; yet it is likewise an honest piece of Logick to dispute and argue the proceedings of God, as to distinguish even his judgements into mercies. For God is mercifull unto all, because to the worst, that the best deserve, and to say he punisheth none in this world, though it bee a Paradox, is no absurdity. To one that hath committed murther, if the Judge should say, onely ordaine a Fine, it were a madnesse to call this punishment, and to repine at the sentence, rather then admire the clemency of the Judge. Thus our offences being mortall, and deserving not onely death, but damnation, if the goodnesse of God be content to traverse and passe them over with a losse, misfortune, or disease; what frensie were it to terme this a punishment, rather then an extremity of mercy, to groane under the  
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the rod of his judgements, rather than admire the Scepter of his mercies: therefore to adore, honour, and admire him, is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, states, and conditions, and with these thoughts, he that knowes them best, will not deny that I adore him; that I obtaine Heaven, and the blisse thereof, is accidentall, and not the intended worke of my devotion, it being a felicity I can neither thinke to deserve, nor scarce in modesty to expect. For these two ends of us all, either as rewards, or punishments, are mercifully ordained and disproportionally disposed unto our actions, the one being farre beyond our deserts, the other so infinitely below our demerits. There is no salvation to those that believe not in Christ, that is, say some, since his Nativity, and as Divinity affirmeth before also, which makes me much apprehend the end of those honest Worthies and Philosophers  
which

which died before his Incarnation. It is hard to place those soules in Hell whose life doth teach us vertue on earth, me thinkes amongst those many subdivisions of Hell, there might have beene one Limbo left for those: What strange vision will it be to see their poeticall fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancied furies, into reall Devils: how strange to them will sound the History of *Adam*, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of? when they that derive their Genealogy from the Gods, shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinfull man? It is an insolent part of reason to controvert the workes of God, or question the justice of his proceedings; Could humility teach others, as it hath instructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehensible distance betwixt the Creator and the creature, or did we seriously perpend that one principle of *Saint Paul*, Shall  
the

*the vessell say to the Potter, why hast thou made me thus?* it would prevent the arrogant disputes of reason, nor would we argue the definitive sentence of God, either in Heaven or Hell, Men that live according to the right rule and law of reason, live but in their owne kinde, as beasts doe in theirs; who justly obey the prescript of their natures, and therefore cannot reasonably demand a reward of their actions as onely obeying the naturall dictates of their reasons. It will therefore, and must at last appeare, that all salvation is through Christ; which verity I feare those great examples of vertue must confirme, and make it good how the perfectest actions of earth have no title or claime unto Heaven: nor truly doe I thinke the lives of these or of any other were ever correspondent or in all points conformable unto their doctrines; it is evident that *Aristotle* transgressed the rule of his owne Ethicks; the  
Stoicks

Stoicks that condemne passion, and command a man to laugh in *Phalaris* his Bull; could not endure without a groane, a fit of the stone or collick. The *Scepticks* that affirmed they knew nothing; even in that opinion confute themselves, and thought they knew more then all the world. *Diogenes* I hold to be the most vaine-glorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honours, then *Alexander* in rejecting none. Vice and the Devil put a fallacie upon our reasons, and provoking too hastily to runne from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of *Venice*, that yearely weds himselfe unto the Sea, by casting thereinto a ring of Gold, I will not argue of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the State. But the Philosopher that threw his money into the Sea to avoyd avarice, was a notorious prodigal. There is no road or ready way to vertue, it is not an easie



casie point of art to disintangle our selves from this riddle, or web of sin : To perfect vertue, as to Religion there is required a Panoplia or compleate armour, that whilst we lye not at a close ward against one vice we lye open to another: And indeed wiser discretions that have the thred of reason to conduct them, offend without a pardon ; whereas under heads may stumble without dishonour. There goe so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that tis a lesion to be good, and wee are forced to be vertuous by the booke. Againe, the practice of men holds not an equall pace, yea, and often runnes counter to their Theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evill: the Rhetoricke where-with I perswade another, cannot perswade my self : there is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience heare the learned instructions of Reason ; but yet performe no farther then

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agrees

agrees to its owne irregular Humour. In brieft, we all are monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast, wherein we must endeavour to be as the Poets fancy that wise man *Chiron*, that is, to have the Region of Man above that of Beast, and sense to sit but at the foote of reason. Lastly, I doe desire with God, that all, but yet affirme with men, that few shall know salvation, that the bridge is narrow, the passage strait unto life, yet those who doe confine the Church of God, either to particular Nations, Churches, or Families, have made it farre narrower then ever our Saviour meant it. I beleeve many are saved who to man seeme reprobated, and many are reprobated, who in the opinion and sentence of man, stand elected; there will appeare at the last day, strange, and unexpected examples, both of his Justice and mercy, and therefore to desire either, is folly in man, and insolency, even  
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in the devils; those acute and subtile spirits cannot divine in all their sagacity, who shall be saved, which if they could prognosticate, their labour were at an end; nor need they compass the earth, seeking whom they may devour. Those who upon rigid application of the Law, sentence *Solomon* unto damnation, condemne not onely him, but themselves, and the whole world; for by the letter, and written Word of God, we are without exception in the state of death, but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his owne Law, by which alone we can pretend unto salvation, and through which *Solomon* might be as easily saved as those who condemne him.

The number of those who pretend unto salvation, and those infinite swarmes who thinke to passe through the eye of a Needle, have much amazed me. That name and compellation

lation of little Flocke, doth not comfort but deject my devotion, especially when I reflect upon mine owne unworthinesse, wherein, according to my humble apprehensions, I am below them all, I beleeve there shall never be an Anarchy in Heaven, but as there are Hierarchies amongst the Angels, so shall there be degrees of priority amongst the Saints. Yet is it ( I protest ) beyond my ambition to aspire unto the first rankes, my desires onely are, and I shall be onely happy therein , to be but the last man, and bring up the Rere in Heaven.

Againe, I am confident, and fully perswaded, yet dare not take my oath of my salvation; I am, as it were sure and doe beleeve, without all doubt, that there is such a City as *Constantinople*, yet for me to take my oath thereon, were a kinde of perjury, because I hold not infallible warrant from my owne sense to confirme me  
in

in the certainty thereof. And truly, though many pretend an absolute certainty of their salvation, yet when an humble soule shall contemplate her owne unworthinesse, she shall meeete with many doubts and suddainely finde how much we stand in need of the precept of Saint Paul, *Worke out your salvation with feare and trembling.* That which is the cause of my election, I hold to be the cause of my salvation, which was the mercy, and beneplacity of God, before I was, or the foundation of the world, *Before Abraham was, I am;* is the saying of Christ, yet is true, if I say it of my selfe, for I was not onely before my selfe, but *Adam*, that is, in the Idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all Eternity. And in this sense, I say, the world was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning.

Insolent zeales that destroy good workes and rely upon faith, take not

away merit : for depending upon the efficacy of their faith , they enforce the condition of God, and in a more sophisticall way doe seeme to challenge Heaven. It was ordered by God , that onely those that lapt in the water like dogges, should have the honour to destroy the *Midianites*, yet could none of those justly challenge, or imagine he deserved the honour : Thereupon I do not deny, but that true faith, and such as God requires , is not onely a marke or token, but also a meanes of our Salvation, but where to finde this, is as obscure to me, as my last end. And if our Saviour could object unto his owne Disciples , and favourites, a faith, that to the quantity of a graine of Mustard seed, is able to remove mountaines ; surely that which wee boast of , is not any thing, or at the most, but a remove from nothing.

This is the Tenor of my believe, wherein, though there be many things  
singu-

singular, and to the humour of my irregular selfe, yet, if they square not with maturer Judgements, I disclaime them, and doe no further father them, then the learned and best Judgements shall authorize them.



*The Second Part.*

**N**OW for the other Vertue of Charity, without which faith is a meere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish this mercifull disposition, and humane inclination, which I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the prescribed Lawes of Charity; and if I hold the true Anatomy of my selfe, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of vertue, for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts, and sympathizeth with

all things; I have no antipathy, or rather Idio-syncrasie, in dyet, humour, ayre, any thing; I wonder not at the *French*, for their dishes of frogges, snailles, and toadstooles; Nor at the Jewes for Locusts, and Grasse-hoppers, but being amongst them, make them my common viands. And I finde they agree with my stomach as well as theirs; I could digest a Salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander; at the sight of a Toad, or Viper, I finde in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them, I feele not in my selfe those common antipathies that I can discover in others: Those nationall repugnances doe not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice, the *Flemish*, *Italian*, *Spaniard*, or *Dutch*; but where I find their actions in ballance with my Country-mens, I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree;



gree ; I was borne in the eighth Climate, but seemed forty, beframed, and constellated unto all ; I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all ages, makes unto me one Country ; I am in *England*, every where, and under any meridian ; I have beene shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds ; I can study, play, or sleepe in a tempest. In brieffe, I am averse from nothing, neither Plant, Animall, nor Spirit ; my Conscience would give me the lye, if I should say I absolutely detest, or hate the Devill, or at least abhorre him, but that we may come to composition. Is there any thing among those common objects of hatred, that I can safely, I doe contemne and laugh at ? That great inquiry of reason, vertue, and Religion, the multitude, that numerous piece of Monstruosity, which taken afunder, seemes the reasonable Creatures of God ; but confused together,  
make

make but one great beast, and a monster, more prodigious then Hydra ; it is no breach of Charity to call those fooles, it is the stile all holy Writers have afforded them, set downe by *Solomon* in the holy Scripture , and a point of our faith to beleeve so. Neither in the name of multitude doe I only include the base and minor sort of people ; there is a rabble even amongst the Gentry, a sort of Plebeian heads, whose fancy move with the same wheele as these men, even in the same Levell with Mechanickes , though their fortunes doe somewhat guild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as in casting account, three or foure men together come short in account of one man placed by himselfe below them : So neither are a troope of those ignorant Doradoes, of that true esteeme and value, as many a forlorne person, whose condition doth place them below their feet.

Let

Let us speake like Politicians, there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a naturall dignity, whereby one man is Ranked with another, and Filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and preheminance of his good parts. Though the corruption of these times, and the byas of this present practise wheele another way, thus it was in the first and primitive Common-wealth, and is yet in the integrity and Cradle of well-ordered polities, til corruption getteth ground, ruder desires labouring after that which wiser considerations contemn, every one having a liberty to amasse and heape up riches, and therewith a license or faculty to doe or purchase any thing. The generall and indifferrent temper of mine, doth more neerely dispose me to this noble vertue. It is a happinesse to be borne and framed unto vertue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather then the inoculation and forced graffes of edu-

education, yet if we are directed only by our particular Natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule then that of our reasons, wee are but Moralists; Divinity will still call us Heathens. Therefore this great worke of Charity, must have other motives, ends, and impulsions: I give no almes to satisfie the hunger of my Brother, but to fulfill and accomplish the Will and Command of my God; I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but his that enjoyned it; I relieve no man upon the Rhetoricke of his miseries, nor to content mine owne commiserating disposition, for this is still but morall Charity, and an act that oweth more to passion then reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity, doth not so much for his sake as for his owne: for by compassion we make others miseries our owne, and so by relieving them, we relieve our selves also.

It

It is an erroneous conceite to redresse other mens misfortunes upon the common considerations of mercifull natures, that it may be one day our owne case, for this is a sinister, and politicke kind of Charity, whereby we seeme to bespeake the pities of men, in the like occasions; and I have observed that those professed Eleemosynaries, though in a croud or multitude, doe yet place their petitions on a few and selected persons.

There is surely a Physiogmony, which those experienced and Master Mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a mercifull aspect, and will single out a face, wherein they spy the signatures and markes of pity: for there are mystically in our faces certaine characters which carry in them the motto of our Soules, wherein he that can read *A.B.C.* may read our natures. I behold moreover that there is a Phistognomy, or Physiogmony, not onely of men, but of  
Plants,

Plants, and Vegetables; and in every one of them, some outward figures which hang as signes or bushes of their inward formes.

The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his workes, not graphically or composed of Letters, but of their severall formes, constitutions, parts, and operations, which aptly joyned together, make one word that doth expresse their natures. By those Letters God calls the Starres by their names, and by this Alphabet *Adam* assigned to every nature, a name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are besides these Characters in our faces, certaine mysticall figures in our hands, which I dare not call meere dash strokes, a Lavole, or at randome, because delineated by a pencill, that never workes in vaine; and hereof I take the more particular notice, because I carry that in mine owne hand, which I could never read of, nor discover in another. *Aristotle,*

*stotle*, I confesse, in his acute, and singular book of Physiognomy, hath made mention of Chiromancy, yet I beleeve the *Egyptians*, who were never addicted to those abstruse and mysticall sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit *Egyptians* do yet pretend, and perhaps retaine a few corrupted principles, which sometimes may verifie their prognostickes.

It is a common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike; Now contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any, he that shall consider how many thousand severall words have been carelesly & without study composed out of 24. Letters; withall how many hundred lines there are to be drawne in the fabricke of one man; shall easily finde that this variety is necessary. And it will be very hard that they shall so concur as to make one portraet like another.

Let

Let a Painter carefully limbe out a Million of faces, and you shall finde them all different, and after all his art there will remaine a sensible distinction from the patterne of every thing in the perfectest of that kinde; wherefore we shall still come short, though we transcend or goe beyond it, because herein it is wide and agrees not in all points unto its Coppy, nor doth the similitude of Creatures disparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the workes of God: For even in things alike, there is a diversity, and those that doe seeme to accord, doe manifestly disagree. And thus is Man like God, for in the same things that we resemble him, we are utterly different from him. There was never any thing so like another, as in all points to concurre, there will ever some reserved difference slip in, to prevent the Identity, without which, two severall things would not alike, but the same, which is impossible:



possible. But to returne from Philosophy to Charity, I hold not so narrow a conceite of this vertue, as to conceive that to give almes, is onely to be Charitable, or thinke a piece of Liberality can comprehend the Tottall of Charity; Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way, many paths unto goodnesse, as many wayes as we may doe good, so many wayes wee may bee Charitable, there are infirmities, not onely of body, but of Soule, and fortunes, which doe require the mercifull hand of our abilities.

I cannot contemn a man for ignorant, but behold him with as much pity as I doe *Lazarus*. It is no greater Charity to cloath his body, then apparell the nakednesse of his Soule. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men weare our Liveries, and their borrowed understandings doe homage to the bounty of ours. It is

the cheapeſt way of beneficence, and like the naturall charity of the Sunne illuminates another without obſcuring it ſelfe. To be reſerved in this part of goodneſſe, is the ſordideſt piece of covetouſneſſe, and more contemptible then the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my ſelfe a Scholler ) I am obliged by the duty of my condition, I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treaſury of knowledge, I intend no Monopoly, but a Community in learning, I ſtudy not for my owne ſake only, but for theirs that ſtudy not for themſelves. I envy no man that knowes more then my ſelfe, but I pity them that know leſſe. I inſtruct no man as an exerciſe of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keepe it alive in mine owne head, then beget and ingender it in his; in the miſt of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts muſt periſh with my elf,  
nor

nor can be Legacyed among my honoured Friends. I cannot fall out or contemne a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide our affections: for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in Philosophy, and in Divinity, if they meete with discreet and peaceable natures, doe not infringe the Lawes of Charity in all disputes; so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose, for then reasons, like a bad hound spends upon a false sent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined, for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they doe so wander with unnecessary D gressions, and the Parenthesis of the party, is often as large as the maine discourse upon the Subject. The Foundations of Religion are already established, and the principles of Salvation subscribed unto

by all, there remaines not one controversie that is worth a passion, and yet never any disputed without, not onely in Divinity, but in inferiour Arts: What a *Βατερχημομαχία*, and hot skirmish is betwixt *S.* and *T.* in *Lucian*: so doth Grammarians hacke and slash for the Genitive case in *Jupiter*. How many Synods have been assembled and angerly broke up againe about a line in *Propria quæ Maribus*? How do they break their owne pates to salve that of *Priscian*? *Si foret interris rideret Democritus*. Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have beene given, and credits shamed for the poore victory of an opinion or beggerly conquest of a distinction? Schollers are men of peace, they beare no arms, but their tongues are sharper then *Actius* his razor, their pens carry farther, and give a lowder report then thunder, I had rather stand in the stroke of a *Basilisco* then in the fury of a mercilesse pen.

It

It is not meere zeale to Learning, or devotion to the Muses, that wiser Princes Patron the Arts, and carry an indulgent respect unto Schollers, but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their Writings, and a feare of the revengefull pen of succeeding ages: for these are men, that when they have played their parts, and had their *exits*, must step out and give the morall of their Scenes, and deliver unto posterity an Inventory of their vertues and vices. And surely there goes a great deale of conscience to the compiling of an History, and there is no reproach to the scandall of a Story. It is such an Authenticke kind of falsehood that with authority belies our good names to all Nations and Posterities.

There is another offence to Charity, w<sup>ch</sup> no Author hath ever written of, & few take notice of, & that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries & conditiōs, but of whole nati-

ons, wherein lye opprobrious Epithets that we must call each other, and upon uncharitable Logicke from a disposition in a few conclude a habit in all.

*Le mutin Anglois et le Brenach Escossois,  
Le bougre Italien & le fol Francois,  
Le poultron Romane et le carron Gascois,  
Le Espagnol superb et le Almain jurogn.*

S. Paul that cals the *Cretians* lyars, doth it but indirectly and upon quotation of their owne Poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way as *Neroes* was in another.

For by a word we wound a thousand, & at one blow assaffive the Honor of a Nation. It is a compleat piece of madnesse to miscall and raile against the times, or thinke to recall mento reason, by a fit of passion: *Democritus* that thought to laugh the times into goodnesse, seemes to me as deeply *Hypochondriack*, as *Heraclitus* that bewailed them, it moves nor my spleene to behold the multitude

tude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madnesse, as well understanding that Wisdome is not common to the World, and that it is the priviledge of a few to be vertuous.

They that endeavour to abolish vice destroy also vertue, for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet in life of one another. Thus vertue (abolish vice) is an Idea; againe, the community of sinne doth not desparage goodnesse, for when vice gaines upon the major part, vertue, in whom it remaines, becomes more excellent, and being lost in some, multiplies its goodnesse in another which remaines untouched, and persists intire in the generall inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a sature content, onely with an admonition, or instructive apprehension; for Noble natures, and such as are capable of goodnesse, are not railed into vice, and maintaine the

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cause

cause of injured truth : no man can justly censure or condemne another, because indeed no man truely knows another.

This I perceive in my selfe, for I am in the dark to al the world, & my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud, those that know me but superficially, thinke lesse of me then I doe of my selfe; those of my neere acquaintance thinke more; God, who truely knows me, knows that I am nothing, for he beholds me, and all the world, who looks not on us through a divided ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helpes of accidents, and the formes of things, as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knowes himselfe, for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour w<sup>ch</sup> we fancy laudable in our selves, and commend others but for that wherein they seeme to quadrate and  
con-



consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemne, selfe-love, which is the generall complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity growes cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most doe magnifie the fires and flames of zeale; for it is a vertue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility: But how shall wee expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to our selves? and charity beginnes at home, in the voyce of the world, yet is every man his owne greatest enemy, and as it were, his owne executioner. *Non occides*, is the Commandement of God, yet scarce observed by any man, for I perceive every man is his owne *Atropos*, and lends a hand to cut the thred of his owne dayes. *Cain* was not therefore the first murtherer, but *Adam*, who brought in death; whereof he beheld the practise and example

ple in his own son *Abel*, and saw that verified in the experience of others, which faith could not perswade him in the Theory of himselfe.

There is no man that apprehends his owne miseries lesse then my selfe, and no man that so neerely apprehends anothers. I could lose an arme without a teare, and with few groans, me thinkes, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weepe most seriously at a Play, and receive with a true passion, the counterfeit griefs of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to adde unto any afflicted parties misery, or endeavour to multiply in any man a passion, whose single nature is already above his patience, and this was the greatest affliction of *Job*, and those oblique expostulations of his friends a deeper injury then the downe-right blowes of the Devill. It is not the teares of our eyes onely, but of our friends also, that doe exhaust

haust the current of our sorrowes, which falling into many streames, runne more peaceably, and are contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of it selfe; for affliction like a dimension may be so divided, as if not indivisible, at least to become insensible. Now with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to ingrosse his sorrowes, that by making them mine owne, I may more easily discusse them; for in mine own reason, and within my selfe I can command that which I cannot entreate without my selfe, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those Noble paires and examples of friendship not so truly Histories of what had beene, as fictions of what should be, but I now perceive nothing in them, but easie possibilities, nor any thing in the Heroick

roick examples of *Damon* and *Pithias*, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, which I could not performe within the narrow compasse of my selfe.

That a man should lay downe his life for his friend, seemes strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, Charity beginses at liome. For mine owne part I could never remember the relations that I held unto my selfe, nor the respect that I owe unto mine owne nature in the cause of God, my Countrey, and my Friends. Next to these three, I doe embrace my selfe; I confesse I doe not observe that order that the Schooles ordaine our affections, to love our Parents, Wives, Children, and then our Friends, for excepting the injunctions of Religion, I doe not finde in my selfe such a necessary and indissoluble Sympathy to those of my bloud. I hope I doe not breake the fifth Commandement, if I confesse I  
love

love my Friend before the neereſt of my bloud, even thoſe to whom I owe the principles of life; I never yet caſt a true affection on a Woman, but I have loved my Friend as I doe vertue, my ſoule, my God. From hence me thinks I doe conceive how God loves man, what happineſſe there is in the love of God. Omitting al other, there are three moſt myſticall unions.

1. Two natures in one perſon.
2. Three perſons in one nature.
3. One ſoule in two bodies.

For though indeed they be really divided, yet are they ſo united, as they ſeeme but one, and make rather a duality then two diſtinct ſoules.

There are wonders in true affecti-  
ons, it is a body of *Ænigmaes*, myſte-  
ries and riddles, wherein two ſo be-  
come one, as they both become two;  
I love my friend before my ſelfe, and  
me thinks I doe not love him enough;  
ſome few moneths hence my multi-  
plied affection will make me beleeve

I have not loved him at all, when I am from him, I am dead till I be with him, when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him: united soules are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other, which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our owne selves, we forget their lookes, nor can our memory retaine the Idea of their faces; and it is no wonder, for they are our selves, and our affections makes their lookes our owne. This noble affection fals not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are mark'd for vertue, he cannot love his friend with this noble ardour that will in a competent degree affect al. Now if we can bring our affections to looke beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soule, we have found out the true  
object,

object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soule, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, Salvation, which though it bee not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity, and pious invocations to desire, if not procure, and further. I cannot frame a Prayer for my selfe in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never heare the Toll of a passing Bell, though in my mirth, and at a Tavern, without my prayers and best wishes for the departed spirit; I cannot goe to cure the body of my Patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soule; I cannot see one say his Prayers, but in stead of imitating him, I fall into a zealous oration for him, who perhaps is no more to me then a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an eare to my  
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supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknowne devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practise of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot beleieve the story of the Italian, our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further then this life; it is the Devill, and the uncharitable votes of Hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

To doe no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my firme yeares, and impatient affections, seemed to containe enough of morality, but my more settled yeares and Christian constitution have fallen upon more securer resolutions. I hold there is no such thing as injury, that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to maligne himsele, that the truest  
way



way to love another, is to despise our selves. I were unjust unto mine owne conscience, if I should say I am at variance with any thing like my selfe, I finde there are many pieces in this our owne fabricke of man; and this frame is raised upon a masse of Antipathies: I am one me thinks, but as the world wherein notwithstanding there are a swarme of distinct essences, and in them another world of contrarieties, which carry private and domestick enemies within, publike and more hostile adversaries without.

The Devill that did but buffet Saint *Paul*, playes me thinkes at sharp with me: Let me be nothing if within the compasse of my selfe, I do not find the battell of *Lepanto*, passion against passion, reason against faith, faith against the Devill, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me. I have no conscience of Marble to resist the hammer of more  
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heavie offences, nor yet too soft and waxen, as to take the impression of each single peccadillo or scape of infirmity: I am of a strange believe, that it is as easie to be forgiven some sins, as to commit some others. For my originall sinne, I hold it to be washed away in my Baptisme; for my actual transgressions I compute and reckon with God, but from my last repentance, Sacrament or absolution: And therefore am not terrified with the sinnes or madnesse of my youth. I thanke the goodnesse of God I have no sinnes that want a name, I am not singular in offences, my transgressions are Epidemicall, & from the common breath of our corruption, yet even those common and *quotidian* infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and doe seeme to be my very nature; have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise, that I repute my selfe the most abjectest piece of mortality, that I detest  
mine

mine owne nature, and in my retired imaginations cannot withhold my hands from violence on my selfe: Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance, there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine, passions of a contrary nature, which neither seeme to sute with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to our selves to be at variance with our vices, nor to abhorre that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we doe but imitate our great selves the world, whose divided Antipathies and contrary faces doe yet carry a charitable regard to the whole by their particular discords, preserving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers whose rebellions once Masters might be the ruine of all. I thanke God amongst those millions of vices that I doe inherit and hold from *Adam*, I have escaped one, and that is a mor-

tall enemy to charity, the first and Father sinne, not of man, but of Devils, Pride, a vice whose name is comprehended in a Monosyllable, but in its nature circumscribed with a world; I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoyd it: those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, adde no feathers unto mine; I have seene a Grammarian toure, and plume himselfe over a single line in *Horace*, and shew more pride in the construction of one Ode, then the Author in the composure of the whole booke. For my owne part besides the *Fargon* and *Patonis* of severall Provinces, I understand no lesse then sixe Languages, yet I protest I have no higher conceit of my selfe then had our Fathers before the confusion of *Babel*, when there was but one Language in the world, and none to boast himselfe either Linguist or Criticke. I have not onely seene  
severall

severall Countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the Chorography of their Provinces, Topography of their Cities, but understood their severall Lawes, Customes and Policies, yet cannot all this perswade the dulnesse of my spirit unto such an opinion of my selfe, as I behold in nimble and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nest. I know the names, and somewhat more of all the starres in my Horizon, yet I have seene a prating Mariner that could onely name the points and the North Starre out-talk me, and conceit himselfe a whole Spheare above me. I know almost all the Plants of my time, and of those about me; yet me thinks I doe not know so many as when I did, but know an hundred, and had scarcely ever simplified further then Cheap-side: for indeed heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handfull, or easie measure of knowledge, think

they know nothing, till they know all, which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of *Socrates*, and only know they know not any thing; I cannot thinke that *Homer* pinde away upon the riddle of the Fisherman, or that *Aristotle*, who understood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weake for the worke of nature, did ever drowne himselfe upon the flux, and reflux of *Euripus*: we doe but learne to day, what our better advanced judgements will teach to morrow: and *Aristotle* doth instruct us, as *Plato* did him; that is, to confute himselfe. I have runne through all sorts, and finde no rest in any, though our first studies and *junior* endeavors may stile us Peripateticks, Stoicks, or Academicks, yet I perceive the wisest heads prove at last, almost all Scep-ticks, and stand like *Fanus* in the field of knowledge. I have therefore on common and authenticke Philo-  
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phy I learned in the Schooles, whereby I discourse and satisfie the reason of other men, another more reserved and drawne from experience, whereby I content mine owne selfe. *Solomon* that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not onely humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endeavours. There is yet another conceit that hath made me shut my bookes, which tels me it is a vanity to waste our dayes in the blind pursuit of knowledge, it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion which we endeavour all here by labour and inquisition : it is better to sit downe in a modest ignorance, and rest contented with the naturall blessing of our owne reasons, then buy the uncertaine knowledge of this life, with sweat and vexation, which death gives, every foole gaires, and is an accessary of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and am re-

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solved

solved never to be married twice, nor that I disallow of a second marriage; as neither in all cases of Polygamy, which considering the unequall number of both sexes may be also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman : man is the whole world and the breath of God, woman the rib onely, a crooked piece of man. I could wish that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this triviall and vulgar way of coition; It is the foolish-est act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will deject his cold imagination more, then when he shall consider what an odde and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed; I speake not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweete sexe, but naturally amorous of all that is beautifull; I can looke a whole day with delight upon a handsome



some picture, though it be but of an Horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and since there is musicke even in the beauty, and the silent notes which *Cupid* strikes, farre sweeter then the vocall sound of an instrument. For there is a musicke where-ever there is a harmony, order or proportion, and thus farre we may maintaine the musicke of the spheres, for those well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound to the eare, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.

Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the simmetry of those heads which declaim against our Church musicke. For my selfe, not onely for my Catholike obedience, but my particular genius, I am obliged to maintaine it, for even that vulgar and Taverne Musicke which makes one man merry, another  
mad

mad, strikes in me a deepe fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of my Maker; there is something in it of Divinity more then the care discovers. It is an Hieroglyphicall and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and Creatures of God, such a melody to the eare, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In brieft, it is a sensible fit of that Harmony, which intellectuallly sounds in the eares of God, it unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of my selfe, and by degrees, me thinkes, resolves me into Heaven.

I will not say with *Plato*, the Soule is Harmony, but harmonicall, hath its neereft sympathy unto musicke: thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their soules, are born Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Ryme. This made *Tacitus* in the very  
first

first line of his story, falls upon a verse and *Cicero*, the worst of Poets, but disclaiming for a Poet, fall in the very first sentence upon a perfect Hexameter. I feele not in me those sordid, and unchristian desires of my profession, I doe not secretly implore and wish for Plagues, rejoyce at Famines, revolve Ephemerides, and Almanackes in expectation of malignant effects, fatall conjunctions, and Ecclipses: I rejoyce not at unwholsome Springs, nor unseasonable Winters, my Prayer goes with the Husbandmans; I desire every thing in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be out of temper.

Let me be sicke my selfe, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease to me, I desire rather to cure his infirmities then my owne necessities, where I doe him no good me thinkes it is no honest gaine, though I confesse it to be the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours:

vours: I am not onely ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incurable, yet not for mine owne sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the generall cause and sake of humanity, whose common cause I apprehend as mine owne: And to speake more generally, those three Noble Professions which all civill Common wealthes doe honour, are raised from the fall of *Adam*, and are not any exempt from their infirmities; there are not onely diseases incurable in Physicke, but cases indissoluble in Lawes, Vices incorrigible in Divinity: if general Councils may erre, I doe not see why particular Courts should be infallible, their perfectest rules are raised upon the erroneous reasons of Man, and the Lawes of one, doe but condemne the rules of another, as *Aristotle* the fourth figure, because, though agreeable to reason, yet was not consonant to his owne rules, and the Logicke  
of

of his proper principles. Againe, to speake nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not onely, but whose nature is unknowne, I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner then Divinity, Pride, or Avarice in others. I can cure vices by Physicke, when they remaine incurable by Divinity, and shall obey my pills, when they contemne their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainely say, we all labour against our owne cure, for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no Catholicon or universall remedy I know but this, which though nauseous to queasie stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is Nectar and a pleasant potion of immortality. For my conversation, it is like the Sun without all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad, Me thinkes, there is no man bad, and the worst, best, that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities, wherein they are good, there is no mans minde of  
such

such discordance, and of so jarring a temper to which a tuneable disposition will not strike a harmony.

*Magna virtutes nec minora vitia*, it is the posie of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst, there are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions, certaine pieces which remaine untoucht, which by an Antiperistasis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and persist entire beyond the generall corruption. For it is also thus in natures. The greatest Balsames doe lye enveloped in the bodies of powerfull Corrasives; I say moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poysons containe within themselves their owne Antidotes, and which preserve them from the venom of themselves, without which they were not deleterious to others onely, but to themselves also. But it  
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is the corruption that I feare within me, and the contagion of commerce without me. It is that unruly Regiment within, that will destroy: It is I that doe insert my selfe the man without a Navell, who yet lives in me. I feele that originall canker corrode and devoure me, and therefore *De fienda me Dios de me*, Lord deliver me from my selfe, is part of my Letany, and a first voyce of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, because every man is a *Microcosme*, and carries the whole world about him, *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, though it be the Apophthegme of a wise man, is yet true in the mouth of a foole; for indeed, though in a Wildernesse, a man is never alone, not onely because he is with himselfe, and his owne thoughts, but because he is with the devill, who ever consorts with our solitude, and is that unruly rebell that musters up those disordered motions, which accompany

company our sequestred imaginations and to speake more narrowly, there is no such thing as solitude, nor any thing that can be said to be alone, and by it selfe, but God, who is his own circle, and can subsist by himselfe, all others besides those dissimilary and Heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply the natures, cannot subsist without the concurrence of God, and the society of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In briefe, there can be nothing truly alone, and by its selfe, which is not truly one, and such is onely God. All others doe transcend an unity, and so by consequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty yeares, which to relate, were not a History, but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common eares like a fable; for the world, I count it not an Inne, but an Hospitall, and a place, not to live, but to dye in. The world that I regard is my selfe, it is the  
the



the Microcosme of mine owne frame, that I cast mine eye on; for the other; I use it but like my Globe, and turne it round sometimes for my recreation.

Men that looke upon my outside, perusing onely my condition, and fortunes doe erre in my altitude; for I am above *Atlas* his shoulders. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am the happiest man alive, I have that in me that can convert poverty into riches, adversity into prosperity. I am more invulnerable then *Achilles*, fortune hath not one place to hit me; *Cælum ruat*, come what will, *Fiat voluntas tua*, salves all, so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire in brieffe. I am content, and what should providence adde more? Surely this is it we call happinesse, and this doe I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dreame, and as content to enjoy a happinesse in a fancie as others in a more appa-

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rent truth and reality. There is surely a neerer apprehension of any thing that delights each of us in our dreames, then in our waked senses; with this, I can be a King without a Crowne, rich without Royalty, in Heaven, though on earth, enjoy my friend, and embrace him at a distance, without which I cannot behold him, without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgement discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreames in the night requite me, and make me thinke I am within his armes. I thanke God for my happy dreames, as I do for my good rest, for there is a reflection in them to reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happinesse; and surely it is not a melancholy conceite to think we are all asleepe in this world, and that the conceits of this world, are as meare dreames to those of the next, as the Phanrasines of che night,

to the conceit of the day. It is an equall delusion in both, and the one doth but seeme to be the embleme or picture of the other; we are somewhat more then our selves in our sleepest, and the slumber of the body seemes to be but the waking of our soules. It is the ligation of our sense, but the liberty of reason, our awaking conceptions doe not match the fancies of our sleepest. At my Nativity, my ascendant was the earthly sign of *Scorpio*, I was born in the Planerary houre of *Saturne*, and I thinke I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company, yet in one dreame I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action in one dreame, apprehend the jests, and laugh my selfe awake at the conceits thereof; were my memory as faithfull as my reason is there fruitfull, I would never study but in my dreames, and this time also would I chuse for

my devotions, but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can onely relate to our awaked soules, a confus'd and broken tale of that that hath beene past. *Aristotle*, who hath written a singular tract of sleepe, hath not throughly defined it, nor yet *Galen*, though he seeme to have corrected it, for those *Noctambulones*, though in their sleep, doe yet enjoy the action of their senses: we must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus*; and that those abstracted and ecstasie soules doe walke about in their owne corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seeme to heare, see, and feele, though indeed the organs are destitute of senses, and their natures of those faculties that should informe them. Thus I observe that men oftentimes upon the houre of their departure, doe speak  
and

and reason above themselves. For then the soule beginnes to be freed from the ligaments of the body, beginnes to reason like her selfe, and to discourse in a straine above mortality. We tearme death a sleepe, and yet it is waking that kils us, and destroyes those spirits that are the house of life. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily, a death which *Adam* died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a midle and moderating point betweene life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an halfe adiew unto the world, it is a fit time for devotion: I cannot therefore lay me downe on my bed without an oration, and without taking my farewell in a Colloquie with God.

*The night is come like to the day,  
Depart not thou great God away.  
Let not my sinnes, black as the night,  
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.*

*M 3*

*Keepe*

Keepe still in my Horizon, for to me,  
 The Sunne makes not the day, but thee.  
 Thou whose nature cannot sleepe,  
 On my temples centry keepe;  
 Guard me 'gainst those watchfull foes,  
 Whose eyes are open, while mine close.  
 Let no dreames my head infest,  
 But such as Jacobs temples blest.  
 While I doe rest, my soule advance,  
 Make me sleepe a holy trance:  
 That I may take my rest being wrought,  
 Awake into some holy thought.  
 And with as active vigour runne  
 My course, as doth the nimble Sunne.  
 Sleepe is a death, O make me try,  
 By sleeping what it is to die.  
 And downe as gently lay my head  
 On my Grave, as now my bed.  
 How ere refresh'd, great God let me  
 Awake againe at last with thee.  
 And thus assur'd, behold I lie  
 Securely, or to wake or die.  
 These are my drowsie dyes, in vaine  
 I doe now wake to sleepe againe.  
 O come that houre, when I shall never  
 Steepe thus againe, but wake for ever.

This is the dormitory I take to  
 bed-ward, use no other *Laudanum* to  
 sleepe

fleepe; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sunne, and to sleepe unto the resurrection.

The method I would use in distributive justice, I also observe in commutative, and keepe a Geometricall proportion in both, whereby becoming equable to others, I become unjust to my selfe, and supererogate that common principle, Doe as thou wouldst be done unto thy selfe.

I was not borne unto riches, neither is it my Starre to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedome of my minde, and franknesse of my disposition, were able to contradict and crosse my fates: for to me avarice seemes not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madnesse; to conceive our selves Urinals, or be perswaded that wee are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of Helibore, as this.

The opinions of theory and positions

tions of men are not so voyd of reason as their practised conclusion: some have held that Snow is blacke, that the earth moves, that the soule is aire, fire, water, but all this is Philosophy, and there is no *delirium*, if we doe but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice to that subterraneous Idol, and God of the earth. I doe confesse I am an Atheist, I cannot perswade my selfe to honour that the world adores, whatsoever vertue its prepared Sublime may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without; I would not entertaine a base designe, or an action that should call me villaine, for the Indies, and for this onely doe I love and honour my soule, and have, methinkes, two armes too few to embrace my selfe. *Aristotle* is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberall without wealth, and the bountifull hand of fortune; if this be true, I must confesse I am charitable  
onely



onely in my liberall intentions, and bountifull well-wishes. But if the example of the Mite be not onely an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, I can justly boast I am as charitable as some who have built Hospitals, or erected Cathedrals: I have a private method which others observe not, I take the opportunity of my selfe to doe good, I borrow occasion of charity from mine owne necessities; I supply the wants of others, when I am in most need my selfe, when I am reduced to the last tester, I love to divide it to the poore, for it is an honest stratagem to take the advantage of our selves, and so to husband the acts of vertue, that where they are defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodnesse in another. I have not *Peru* in my desires, but a competence and ability to performe those good workes to which the Almighty hath inclined my nature.

ture. He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be to poore, that a noble minde may not finde a way to this piece of goodnes. *He that giveth to the poore, lendeth to the Lord*, there is more Rhetorick in that one sentence then in a Library of Sermons, and indeed if those sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of instructions, but might bee honest by an Epitome. Upon this motion onely I cannot behold a Begger without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soule with my prayers; the scenicall and accidentall differences betweene us cannot make mee forget that common and untrought part of us both, the soule being of the same allay with our own, whose Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as faire a way to salvation, as our selves Statists that labour  
to

to conceive a Common-wealth without poverty, doe take away the object of charity, not understanding only the Common-wealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Now there is another part of charity, which is the Basis and Pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour: for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God.

All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retaines a reflex or shadow of himselfe. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible, all that we truly love is thus, what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore vertue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our loving friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace; but that insensible  
part

part that our armes cannot embrace. God being all goodnesse, can love nothing but himselfe, hee loves us but for that part, which is as it were himselfe, and the traduction of his holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the lives of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumbe shewes, and dreames without reality, truth, or constancy; for first there is a strong bond of affection betweene us and our parents, yet how easily dissolved we betake our selves to a woman, forgetting our mothers in a wife, and the wombe that bare us in that that shall beare our image: This woman blessing us with children, our affections leaves the levell it held before, and sinkes from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They growing up in yeares desire our ends, or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawfull way to love another better then our selves.

Thus

Thus I conceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

I conclude therefore, and say that there is no happinesse under (or as *C pernicious* wil have it, above) the Sun, in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdome of *Solomon*, *all is vanity and vexation of spirit*; there is no elicity in that the world adores. *Aristotle* whilst he labours to refute the Idea's of *Plato*, fals upon one himselfe, for his *summum bonum*, is a *Chimera*, and there is no such thing as his Felicity. That wherein God himselfe is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whose defects the Devils are unhappy; that dare I call happinesse: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easie Metaphor deserve that name, whatsoever else the world termes happinesse, is to me a story, or apparition, or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happinesse then the name.

Blesse

Blesse me in this life with the peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity *Casar*.

These are O Lord happinesse on earth, wherein I set no rule or limit to thy providence, dispose of me according to the justice of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in mine owne damnation.

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FINIS.

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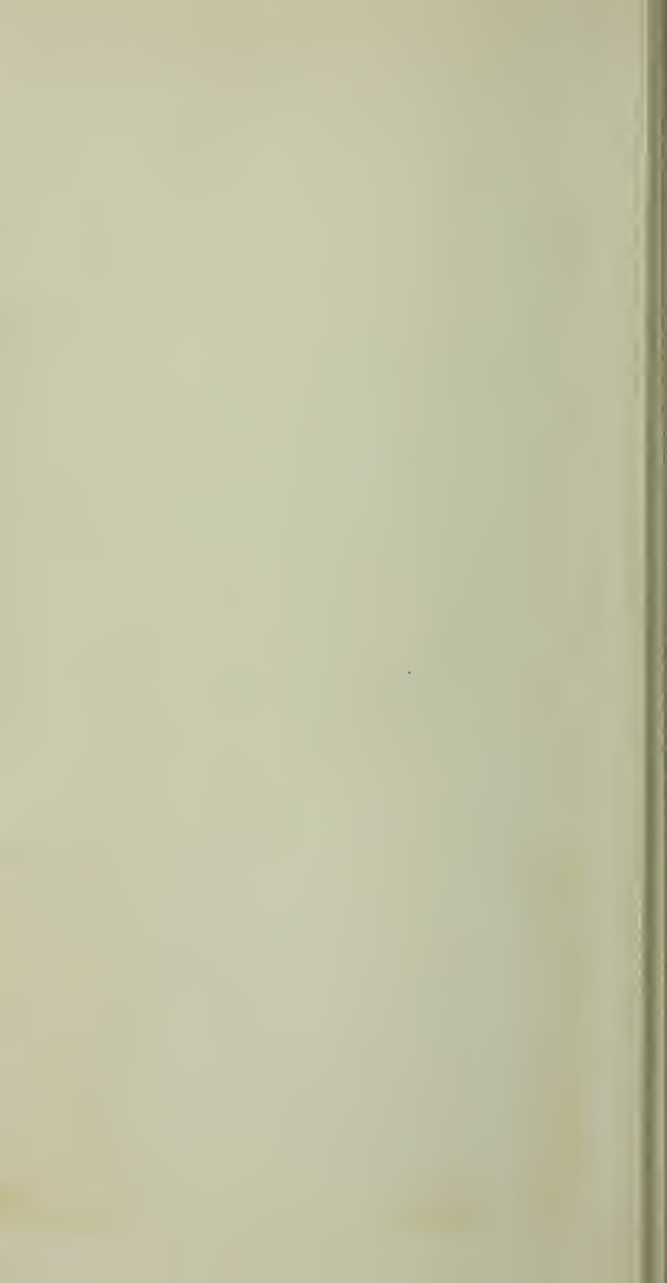
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